THE

Methodist Magazine.

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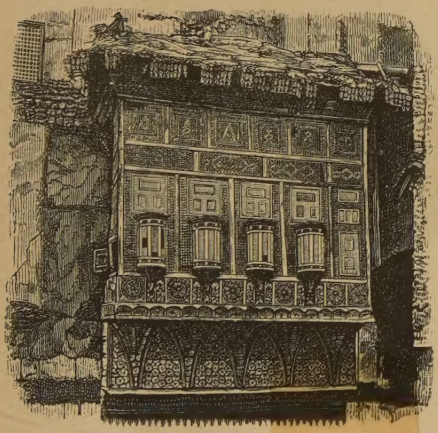
WHAT EGYPT CAN TEACH US.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

MEMPHIS AND SAKKARA.



LATTICE WINDOW, CAIRO.

On a bright, sunny day, early in March last, our Canadian party made the interesting excursion to Memphis and Sakkara. It is an interesting drive of three miles from Cairo to the Upper Egypt railway station, on the left bank of the Nile. One never tires of the picturesque aspect of the streets in the older parts of the city—the overhanging windows with their beautiful lattice work, the ever-shifting crowd so full of life and colour, with their white and green turbans, blue gowns, crimson fezes, military uniforms and the like.

Among the most striking figures are those of the stately sayses or running footmen—light, agile fellows who can keep ahead of the horse going at full speed for a wonderful distance. Their dress is almost always of snowy linen, which leaves the brown arms and legs bare. They have frequently a magnificently embroidered jacket and scarlet fez. Each carries a wand by day and a torch by night. It is their office to clear the way for the

carriage of their masters, which they do with loud cries of "to the right," "to the left," "look out in front," with good-natured badinage to those slow to get out of the way. They remind us of the scriptural herald or forerunner who must prepare the way for his Master and Lord.

The strangest figures are the Cairene women muffled up to the eyes and wearing a sort of nosebag over the face, as shown more distinctly in one of the smaller cuts. The children are always carried upon their shoulders, and sometimes are as airily dressed, or not dressed, as in one of our cuts.

RUNNING FOOTMAN OR SAYSE.

Among the most familiar figures are the water-bearers who, for the most part, carry this essential part of life in a disgusting looking sheepskin, or goatskin, looking like the bloated body of a drowned animal. The sherbet seller, on the contrary, carries his sickly, sweetish beverage in a porous jar, and goes through the streets clinking his brass cups and calling out sometimes almost in the words of Isaiah, "Oh, ye thirsty," and sometimes, during the feast of Ramadan, he adds, "without money and without price," being paid therefor by some pious Moslem. Sometimes he exclaims, "the gift of God," recalling the words of our Lord to the Samaritan woman, "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of Him and He would have given thee living water."

The Nile bridge is always crowded with camels, donkeys,

and foot passengers, but especially so in the early morning. We counted sixty-eight camels on the bridge, laden with fresh clover, grain, and forage, besides donkeys innumerable, laden with oranges, lemons, dates, fresh vegetables of every sort, and all the varied supplies needed for a great city. As all these had to pay a toll for crossing the bridge, a very animated scene is exhibited of kneeling camels, chaffering and huxtering men and women, toll-takers and bridge-keepers, soldiers, donkey-boys, camel drivers, and all the indescribable varieties of eastern life. The garbs of blue and white, with the hundreds of white turbans or red fezes surmounting the dark faces and the many-coloured dresses, give the undulating crowd, buzzing like a bee-hive, somewhat the appearance of a vast bed of flowers shaken by the wind.

CAIRENE WOMAN IN WALKING DRESS.

CAIRENE WOMAN AND CHILD.

It is a railway ride of fourteen miles in stuffy little cars, in full view of the great pyramids, to Bedrasheyn. On the left stretches old Cairo, with its low hills studded with ancient windmill towers, behind which rises the long Mokattam ridge. To the right stretches the Lybian Desert. At Bedrasheyn, a vociferous crowd of Arab boys try to carry us off by storm. We remain prudently within the station inclosure, and depute one of our party, Rev. Mr. Read, who enjoys the reputation of making a shrewd bargain, to encounter the perils of the turbul

WOMAN AND CHILD

mob. Donkeys being secured, we make a break through the crowd, mount our donkeys, and ride away as rapidly as possible.

We follow an embankment or dyke bordered on either side by wheat fields of brightest green, and traverse the vast plain, shaded by palms and strewn with blocks of granite, broken crockery, and crumbled fragments of sun-dried brick made from Nile mud. This is Memphis, the oldest and one of the greatest cities in the world, a city old in the time of Abraham and Joseph. "No other capital," says Miss Edwards, "dates back so far as this, or kept its place in history so long. Founded four thousand years before our era,* it beheld the rise and fall of thirty-one dynasties; it survived the rule of the Persian, Greek, and Roman. It became the quarry from which the old and new Cairo were built. Now it is an utter desolation—a few large rubbish heaps, a dozen or so of broken statues, and a name."

WATER-SELLER, CAIRO.

Even in the middle ages its ruins extended "half a day's journey" in every direction. A fallen colossus marks the site of the main entrance to the temple of Ptah, a temple once as large and as magnificent as that at Karnak. Of this, not a vestige remains. Herodotus states that Sesostris—that is, Rameses the Great—built a colossal statue of himself in front of the great gateway. And there it lies to the present day, the memorial of that wonderful king, a gigantic trunk forty-two feet long. For age after age it lay as it fell, face downward, in the mud, every year drowned in the annual inundation of the Nile—a not unfitting type of the fallen grandeur of Memphis. It has now been raised out of the mud, and supported by a brick pedestal. We climb a ladder, and pace up and down on its gigantic breast—there is ample room for six persons to walk about. The stony features

SHERBET-SELLER, CAIRO.

* Miss Edwards follows the medium chronology, that of Lepsius. The chronology of Mariette is about 1,100 years longer, that of Wilkinson about 900 years shorter.

wear that calm, eternal smile that we notice on all the monuments of Rameses throughout Egypt, and which can even be seen on his mummied face in the museum of Gizeh.

INTERIOR OF THE SERAPEUM; OR, APIS' TOMBS—PRINCIPAL PASSAGE.

We ride on through crowded mud villages, where the pretty, graceful children beset one for backsheesh, and through fertile fields, where fellahs are busy ploughing the rich, black soil, and by deft turns of the foot, guiding the water raised by shadoofs in narrow trenches to the beds of lettuce, onions, and other garden vegetables. We halt for a brief time near a well to study the picturesque scene, and then ride on to the vast necropolis, which alone tells of the once teeming population of the city of Memphis. We soon leave the fertile valley and enter the desert—a vast stretch of yellow sand, strewn with flint flakes, potsherds, bleached bones, and other debris of long-vanished generations. Higher and higher, as we approach, rises the famous step pyramid of Sakkara, the oldest structure in the world. This rises in terraces to the height of 197 ft., and it covers an area of 354 by 358 feet. The cyclopian masonry

APIS' TOMB IN CORRIDOR.

in part has crumbled, but for the most part, in that rainless atmosphere, it exhibits broad, smooth masses of masonry. "If Egyptologists are right," says Miss Edwards, "in ascribing the royal title in hieroglyphics over the door to Ouenephes, the fourth king of the first dynasty, "then this is the oldest building in the world. It had been standing five hundred years before the great pyramid of Gizeh was begun. It was over two thousand years old when Abraham was born. One's imagination recoils from the brink of such a gulf of time."

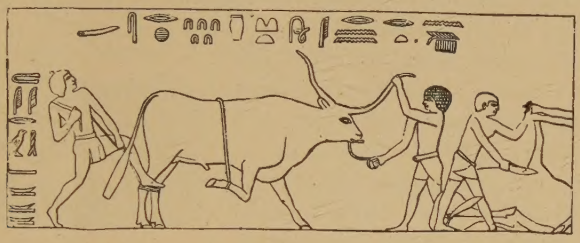
This great field of the dead, where "every step is o'er a nation's dust," is the most ancient necropolis in the world—all that is left of so much pomp and power and splendour. How true the words of the prophet Hosea: "For, lo, they are gone because of destruction: Egypt shall gather them up, Memphis shall bury them."

Other pyramids are near, the most interesting of which is that of King Unas, made accessible by Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, with great expenditure of labour. The interior contains two large chambers, with lofty, pointed roof and enormous inscriptions. In one of these rooms, lined with oriental alabaster and adorned with bright paintings, lies the sarcophagus of the king, "dating back," says Lepsius, "over three thousand years before Christ."

Most marvellous of all the discoveries of Sakkara is that of the Serapeum or the mausoleum of Apis, the sacred bull, which had spent its life at the temple of Memphis. The Greek historian, Strabo, states that even in his day an avenue of sphinxes leading to the Serapeum, was almost buried by the sand. "Without this clue," says Mariette Bey, "the Serapeum would still be lost beneath the sands." One day that shrewd explorer perceived the head of a sphinx showing above the drifted desert. With enormous difficulty he excavated this avenue for 600 feet, and found it bordered by an army of sphinxes, one hundred and eighty-one of which were in their original position. The entrance to the Serapeum was seventy feet below the surface. "The sand," says Mariette, "was almost as fluid as water, which made it almost impossible to dig."

We rode to the small, rude house in which Mariette lived for four years, and, leaving our donkeys, walked with an Arab guide to this vast mausoleum. On every side heaved and rolled the undulating desert, with no sign of human structure save the pyramids behind us and the rude hut we had just left. We approached the prison-like door in the side of a deep hollow, and, being furnished with lighted candles, proceeded to explore this vast catacomb. Here Mariette found three thousand monuments, the most important of which, however, are those of the

oxen deities of Egypt. The passages have an aggregate length of 380 yards, are about 10 feet wide and 17 feet high, hewn out of the solid rock. On either side are sixty-four Apis vaults, averaging 26 feet high, and roofed with stone. Twenty-four of these chambers still contain the huge sarcophagi in which the



SACRIFICING CATTLE.

Apis mummies were deposited. These monster coffins average 13 feet in length, 7 feet in width, 11 feet in height, hewn out of solid granite, and weigh no less than sixty-five tons. They were all brought from the quarries of Assouan, in Nubia, nearly six hundred miles away. The solid covers have all been pushed aside for the purpose of rifling the tomb. Four or five persons could easily sit around the small table in one of these sarcophagi.

The cut on page 7 shows one of these Apis tombs which has been dragged into the corridor, in the vain attempt to remove it, upon which the Arabs have, for some unknown purpose, built a mass of masonry.

FEEDING GEESE.

Mariette, in his account of his discovery of these tombs, states that one chamber which had been walled up in the reign of Rameses II., had escaped the notice of the plunderers of the vault. "I was so fortunate," he says, "as to find it untouched, although 3,700 years had elapsed since it was closed. Everything in the chamber seemed to be precisely in its original position. The finger marks of the Egyptian on the wall built to conceal the doorway, were still visible in the lime. There were still marks of naked feet visible on the sand within. Everything was in its original condition in this chamber, where the embalmed remains of the bull had remained undisturbed for thirty-seven centuries."

One of the inscribed sarcophagi bore the name of the Persian conqueror, Cambyses. Herodotus states that in a fit of rage that conqueror had stabbed the sacred bull of Memphis in the thigh, and that the wounded animal some time after died.

Mariette being suddenly called to Paris before he could carry away his treasure trove, buried fourteen cases in the sand. The Archduke Maximilian, afterwards the hapless emperor of Mexico, discovered and carried these trophies to Vienna, among them the embalmed bull which showed unmistakable signs of injury and healing—a most extraordinary case of historical record and its corroboration.

REAPING WHEAT.

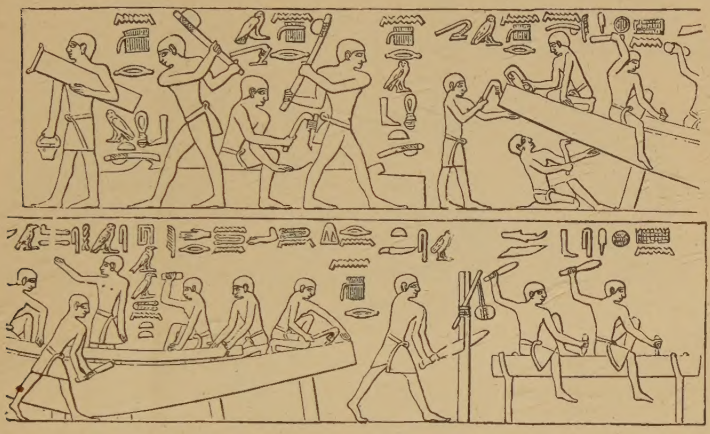
We wandered around for some time in these strange, dark vaults, where the air was close and oppressive, and were at length glad to return to the open sky. A hot walk beneath the noon-day sun across the burning sands brought us to the tomb of Ti. Once a structure built above ground in a vast street of tombs, it is now covered with sand, and we scrambled down a steep slope to its doors. Ti was a priest of the fifth dynasty, about 4,500 years ago. He married the granddaughter of a Pharaoh, and erected for himself this magnificent tomb in the great necropolis of Memphis. The walls are completely covered with paintings and low reliefs, describing the whole life of Ti—his domestic and social relations, his games and amusements, his feasts and festivals, and his daily occupations.

CARRYING WHEAT.

Of a number of these we give faithful copies. One represents the sacrifice of cattle. A successful figure is that of a longhorned bull, whose hind legs a man is binding together. A small cut shows a man feeding poultry, apparently just as they are stuffed at Strasburg for epicures of the present day. The harvest scene in the rich Nile valley, over forty centuries ago, is elaborately exhibited. The reaping, and transport of corn, and treading it out by oxen, winnowing, and storing, and putting it in bags, is just as we see it to-day. The figures are full of life and spirit. The inscriptions represent the reaper as saying to the

WINNOWING GRAIN.

ears, "ye are seasonable," or "ye are large." The donkey driver reproves his idle charge with the words, "People love those who go on quickly, but strike those who are lazy;" and adds sarcastically, "if thou couldest but see thine own conduct!"



SHIP-BUILDING.

The above illustration shows a ship-building scene—the hewing of the beams and caulking of the vessels upon the stocks. The rude tools are for all the world like those employed at the present time.

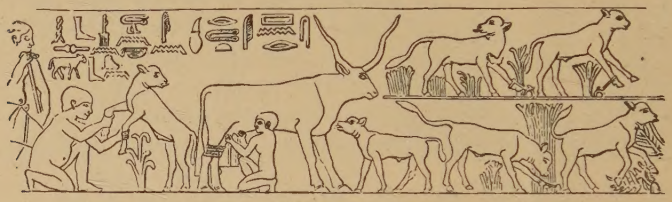
In other pictures we find lists of the domestic animals belonging to the deceased, including oxen, gazelles, deer (then domesti-

SACRIFICIAL PROCESSION.

cated), goats, asses, also figures of workmen at different trades, carpenters, glass-blowers, chair-makers, water-sellers, a court of justice with judges writing, before whom criminals are dragged and the like.

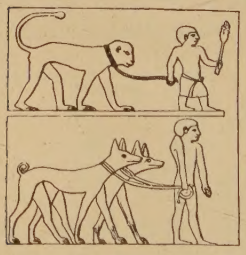
The second cut on this page is described by the inscription as "an offering of sacrificial drink and food from the villages of the

family estate of the Chamberlain Ti, situated in Lower and Upper Egypt." The figures are bringing on their heads and in their hands gifts, including what seems to be cone-shaped sugar loaves, such as are still sold in the bazaars of Egypt and Nubia. The cut below shows a milking scene. An overseer orders the servants to "milk while you hold the young calf by the knees." On the right are other calves browsing or skipping about.



RUSTIC CATTLE SCENE.

A picture of hunting crocodiles and hippopotami reminds us of the passage in Job, "Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down?" The pictures of hawks, ducks, pigeons, cranes, herons, and other birds resemble precisely those which we see flying about us or wading in the shallows by the river side. In another cut we see a dwarf leading an ape, resembling those of the Soudan, and a man, with a deformed shoulder, with a couple of prick-eared greyhounds in leash.



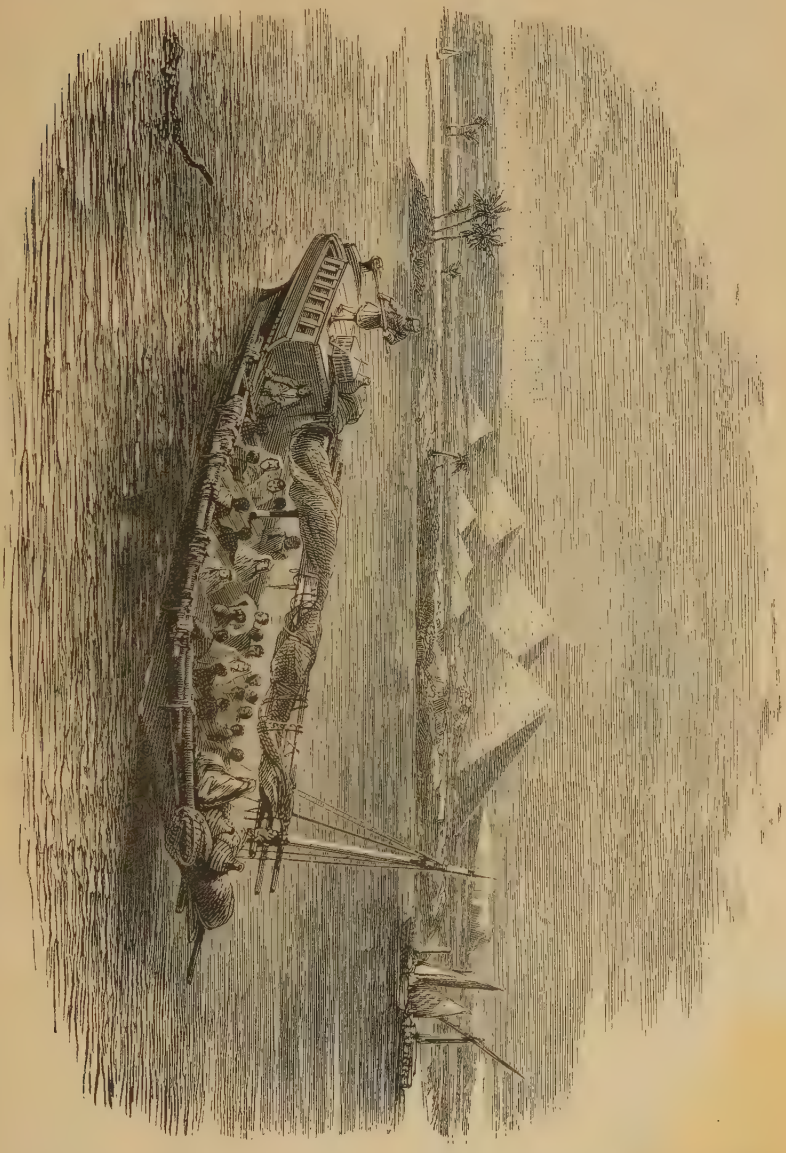
APE AND GREYHOUNDS.

Another painting shows a ploughing scene. To the right is a man hoeing the ground while another man is scattering the seed. Another of those curious pictures has the hieroglyphic moral sentiment, which is true to-day as it was then, "It is well for him who loves work." Another represents a quarrel among sailors with the legend, "Thou art of a pugnacious mind, but I am so gentle." Porters are shown at work, also metal workers. Oxen tread out the grain; corn is stored in the granary. Ti, himself, is represented very literally as the great man of the estate. About twice the size of the workmen about him, he towers like a colossus. In one scene is shown the method of snaring birds and catching fish in nets and baskets, and in another the emptying of the receptacle formed

FISH CREEL.

of rushes, with the hieroglyphic inscription, "Let what is in it fall down."

Miss Edwards remarks that the fleeting action of the animals



and birds is caught with a faithfulness that no Landseer could distance. The colours, too, are bright and vivid as though applied but yesterday. They are, however, laid on in single

tints without any effort at shading. The figures are always in profile, and the perspective is sometimes quite infantile and imperfect.

These pictures give a wonderful insight into that old Egyptian life of 4,000 years ago. Some of them show a sense of the ridiculous that, it has been said, would do credit to some of the comic papers of to-day. Others show captives toiling in the brick-yards, mixing the clay, bearing it on their shoulders, moulding it beneath the lash of the task-master, just as described in the book of Exodus. We see the priest of Memphis with his wife and children listening to music, witnessing dances, sailing in boats. We see him worshipping in the temple as well as overseeing the work of the field, the storehouse and the workshop.

KITCHEN OF NILE BOAT.

After emerging from this strange home of the dead, pictured with scenes from the life of the living, we took refuge from the intense heat of the desert in a large cave, which was nearly full of yellow sand, and there ate our lunch, looking out on the oldest structure on the earth, that terraced pyramid which had seen so many generations of men come and go like the drifting sand at its base. Instead of returning by the way we had come, we rode across a fertile plain to the Nile. As we approached the river, a number of veiled women were filling their jars with the sweet Nile water. We were about to ride up to study their picturesque garb and graceful gait, as they walked off erect as a column beneath their heavy water jars, when our dragoman said, "You must not go there," and, indeed, suggested we should not even look at them, as being against the etiquette of the country. Neither would he let us visit a native house, and as we rode through the villages the women would scuttle out of sight, or peep bashfully from behind the house doors, just as

Sarah is described as doing in the presence of Abraham's visitors. The lady in our party was the subject of great curiosity wherever we went, especially in the bazaars. When we stopped to make a purchase we were instantly surrounded by a group of natives, some of whom would shift their position in order to get a good look at Madam.

To cross the river to Heluan we had to embark in a clumsy boat. But how to get on board, was the question, as the water was too shallow for it to come close to the shore. The difficulty was soon solved by stalwart Arabs picking us up and carrying us on their shoulders to the boat. With much shouting and din, the donkeys were pushed and pulled into the water and dragged on board. Before the splendid breeze, we glided across and down the river to the Arab village of old Heluan, where the same process of disembarking took place. While our dragoman was huxtering with the Nile skipper for the passage money, we looked as unconcerned as possible, as though it were a matter of supreme indifference to us.

The river is crowded with clumsy looking barges like that shown in our cut. The Nile has ever been emphatically the highway of Egypt, for its great cities were strewn upon its silver thread like pearls upon a necklace. For a thousand miles and more the country will average only about ten or twelve miles wide, often much less, and even highways along the shore must be elevated upon embankments, or they will be submerged in the annual inundation.

The royal and Khedival dahabeyahs are often of brilliant splendour, and recall the famous barge of Cleopatra:

> "The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
> Burned on the water, the poop was beaten gold,
> Purple the sails, and so perfumèd that
> The winds were love-sick with them, the oars were silver,
> Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke."

It is surprising in what limited space the kitchen of a Nile boat can be crowded, and what comfortable meals can be there concocted.

At Heluan, the desert presses the river closely on either side, and we had a hot ride of three miles across the sand to the white-walled new town to catch the return train to Cairo. This new Heluan is an artificial oasis in the desert. Here are a number of hot sulphur springs. It is a famous health resort, the desert air being pure and dry and dustless. Notwithstanding the fact that even the garden mould and drinking water and all

provisions have to be brought from a distance, Heluan is becoming a popular winter resort, with gaily coloured houses of blinding white and bright blue walls and luxuriant gardens. Our donkeys, wearied with the forced march across the desert, needed a good deal of persuasion by tail twisting and whacks from the donkey-boys to get us to the train in time. We were quite willing to exchange the comfort of that last triumph of civilization, an express train, for the primitive mode of locomotion which was old in the time of Abraham.

On our return trip to the city we passed the great quarries which yielded the stone for the construction of the pyramids. They are scarcely less imposing than the pyramids themselves, for which they afforded the material. They consist of vast grottoes where the quarrymen hewed out the huge blocks which were dragged to the river side and shipped across the Nile, and then, by a huge artificial causeway, dragged to the site of the pyramids, and by an unknown kind of enginery raised to their places in those tremendous masses of masonry.

A NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

BY REV. G. D. B. PEPPER, D.D.

Eternal God, before Thee now
With grateful hearts we lowly bow;
With joyful lips we sing Thy name,
Thy love, from age to age the same.

Weeks, months, and years, in noiseless flight,
Speed on, as speeds through air the light;
They stay not, rest not, nor can we;
Time now, anon eternity!

The old year gone, the new begun,
New work begins, old work is done;
The past, dear Lord, accept, forgive;
With grace new lives henceforth to live.

Help us, through all the coming year,
With Thee to walk, to know Thee near;
In joy or sorrow, good or ill,
To do, to bear, to love Thy will.

—*Zion's Advocate.*

PROTESTANT MEMORIES OF NEUCHÂTEL AND MORAT.

FAREL'S MONUMENT.

The situation of Neuchâtel has often been compared to that of Naples. It would seem that there is a certain charm about its aspect which reminds the traveller of the beautiful and poetic city of Southern Italy.

Situated at the base of the mountain of Chaumont, one of the loftiest peaks of the Jura range, the town extends along the banks of the lake, on land reclaimed from the water at a great expense of time, trouble and money. On a lofty hill rising above the ancient bed of the Seyon, stands its feudal castle, its collegiate church, its convent and its terraces.

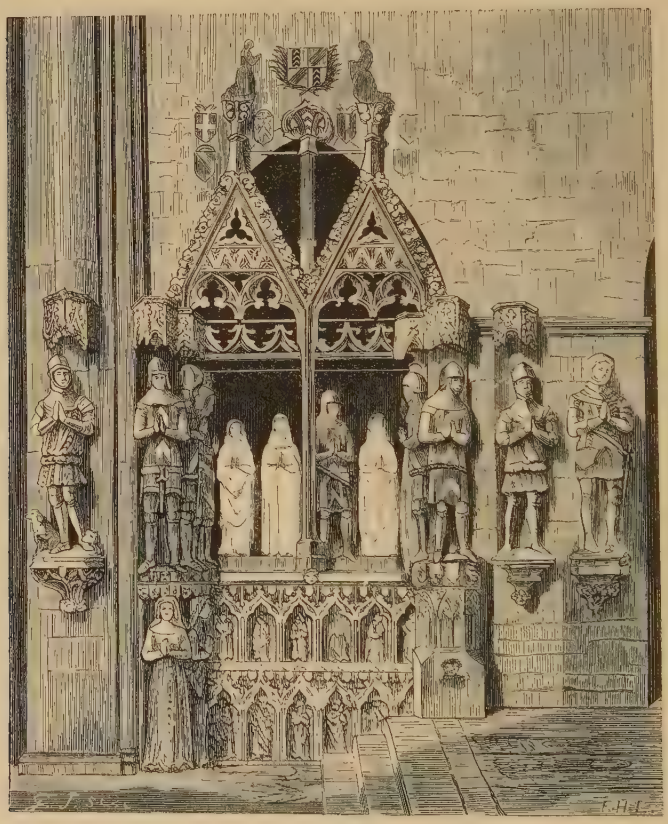
Every town has its own characteristic tint depending upon the materials used in its construction. The *neocomian*, a kind of sandstone, with its bright yellow hue, has excited the surprise of many a tourist. Alexander Dumas the Elder has put the matter in very concise language by saying that the town has "the appearance of an immense toy carved out of butter."

Neuchâtel has never possessed any special industry. It is difficult, however, to arrest the course of modern progress; the watch-making industry, descending from the heights of the Jura, has introduced a little life into certain quarters of the town once considered exclusively "aristocratic." Other new industries are also in a prosperous condition, notably the manufacture of telegraphic and electric apparatus, and of straw hats.

The horizon beyond the lake is bounded by the Alpine chain from the Rigi to Mont Blanc, by the icy summits of the Eiger, Mönch, the Jungfrau, and other glorious mountains of God.

The principal agent in introducing the Reformation to Switzer-

land was William Farel, born in 1489, of a noble family in Gap, in Dauphiné. While studying in Paris he embraced the principles of the Reformed faith, and forthwith began to preach the new evangel. He became the fellow-labourer with Zwingli, Bucer and Calvin. His intemperate zeal drew him into many troubles. One day he interrupted a procession in honour of St. Anthony, by snatching the statue of the saint and throwing it into the river.



MONUMENTS OF THE COUNTS OF NEUCHATEL.

He was welcomed to Geneva as one able to preach to the French population in their own language. Honest and fearless, but intemperate in language and conduct, he fulminated against the tenets and practices of Rome, in city and country, in the churches, or by the wayside, wherever he could find an audience. Wherever he preached, his stentorian voice rose above the loudest tumult that was raised to drown it. He was frequently beaten and his life put in imminent peril. He understood well, and

knew how to inculcate eloquently the distinctive doctrines of the Protestant faith. His earliest attempt was in Geneva, in 1532, immediately after the first revolution. He was then driven from the city, and owed his life to the bursting of a gun that was aimed at him.

The second time he was more successful. The new doctrine was eagerly heard and won numerous disciples. At the political revolution, which expelled the bishop, the Protestant faith was adopted by the solemn act of the citizens. A large portion of the inhabitants of this prosperous, luxurious, and pleasure-loving city, soon grew impatient of the new restraints which they had accepted in the moment of exhilaration over their newly-gained political independence. They cried out openly against the preachers and demanded freedom.

Geneva was in this factious, confused state when Calvin arrived there, and took his lodgings at an inn, with the intention of remaining only for the night. Farel besought him to remain and assist him in his work. Calvin declined, pleading his unwillingness to bind himself to any one place, and his desire to prosecute his studies. Seeing that his persuasions were fruitless, Farel told him that he might put forward his studies as a pretext, but that the curse of God would light on him if he refused to engage in His work. Calvin often refers to this declaration, uttered with the fervour of a prophet. He says that he was struck with terror, and felt as if the hand of the Almighty had been stretched out from heaven and laid upon him. He gave up his opposition. "Farel," it has been said, "gave Geneva to the Reformation, and Calvin to Geneva."

By the victory of a short-lived reaction both Farel and Calvin were expelled from Geneva in 1538. Farel went to Neuchâtel and laboured with great success for the establishment of the Reformation. In March, 1543, a body of troops of the Cardinal of Lorraine fell upon a congregation to which Farel was preaching. A great number of them were massacred, and Farel was wounded and narrowly escaped with his life. He fled in disguise, preached at Gap, his native town, with all the violence of his youth, and was thrown into prison, from which his followers released him, letting him down, like St. Paul at Damascus, from the wall by a basket. He continued to labour for the Reformation by preaching and writing to the very day of his death, which took place at Neuchâtel, in September, 1565, in his seventy-sixth year. As a theologian he does not occupy the foremost rank, but practically he was one of the bravest, as well as one of the first of the French reformers. He excited great admiration by the fervency of his faith and the brilliance of his oratory.

Amid much that is delightful, that is so intellectual, and according to their ideas, so serious and earnest in the Swiss Protestant Churches of the present day, it is very unsatisfactory to see how little, at least, as compared with England, is generally thought of religious services and religious observances. One service at 9 or 9.30 on Sunday morning satisfies the spiritual wants of the majority of the population; then the rest of the day is devoted to pleasure, the church being shut up until Sunday comes round again. It must be admitted, however, that the Free Churches

THE PIERRE-LE-BOT, OR TOADSTOOL.

generally supply an evening service besides, while all the young people from twelve to sixteen are required to attend at one o'clock for religious instruction preparatory to the first communion. The Holy Scriptures are scarcely ever opened in the church service, except for the formal reading and hearing "with respectful attention" of the ten commandments with their summary, and the text of the sermon.

Old Farel, the Swiss Reformer, standing pedestalled in stone high up the hill of Neuchâtel, brandishing with both hands a great Bible over his head, seems at this day as if he would rebuke

the degenerate Church for their defection from the Book their fathers dared fire and sword to place open in the hands of all Christian men and women.

Chief among the professors at Neuchâtel, of the Independent Faculty of Theology, is Dr. F. Godet, whose commentaries have a world-wide reputation. Like Bengel, he seems imbued in his whole soul with the spirit of the Gospel. His exegesis is not merely a clever explanation of the letter, but an unfolding of the spirit and purpose of divine truth. But these commentaries are not Dr. Godet's only contributions to biblical literature. Under his presidency, a company of pastors in Neuchâtel has been formed for the purpose of giving to the French-speaking world an

CLOISTERS, NEUCHATEL.

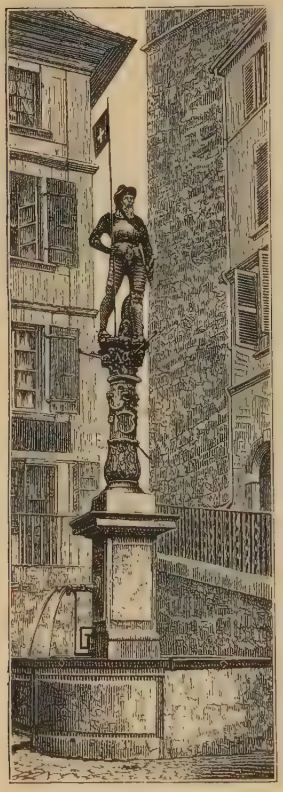
annotated Bible with all the most recent results of sound criticism and careful translation. Thus, while Geneva is the city of Bible translation, Neuchâtel may be called the home of exegesis.

There is great refinement and polish in Neuchâtel society. Intellectual culture is pursued in numerous educational institutions for every class and by numberless learned societies. There are no bolder engineers than the Swiss. In this canton, railways climb mountains to the height of three thousand feet, and tunnel them with fearless pertinacity at closely recurring intervals. Meteorological instruments of great complexity are set up in public places, indicating that a high state of scientific knowledge is not unfamiliar to the general population.

A singular circumstance, to be explained only by the glacial theory, is the occurrence of huge boulders of gray granite, and even of gneiss, on the sides of the Valdois and Neuchâtelois Jura,

and quite down to the lake, some of vast size, such as that known as Pierre-le-bot, just above Neuchâtel, silent historical monuments of the mighty power exercised by the glacial action in remote ages.

The ancient cloisters of the chapter-house of Neuchâtel were built in 1450. These Gothic cloisters, like those at Westminster, have always a beautiful effect. The arched vista, the quaint carvings in the windows, the green quadrangle which they surround, and the monkish memories which cluster round them speak with strange power of the long-dead past to the living present.



MARKET FOUNTAIN, NEUCHATEL.

The fountain, illustrated on this page, is adorned with a column surmounted by the statue of a knight-banneret, said to represent Albert de Tissot, who commanded the troops of Neuchâtel in 1444. The monument bears the date of 1581. The little platform, with balustrade above the basin of the fountain, was often occupied as a pulpit by the Reformer William Farel in the years 1529 and 1530.

In the Collegiate Chapel is the monument to the Counts of Neuchâtel. Erected in 1372 by Count Louis to the memory of his ancestors, it was continued by his successors up to the year 1503. This monument is one of the most interesting of its kind in Europe, so far as regards the information it gives concerning the costumes of the fourteenth century. An inscription in French in the opposite wall preserves the memory of the day on which the people of Neuchâtel embraced the Reformed religion: "On the 23rd October of the year 1530, the idolatry of this house was taken away and beaten down by the citizens." In one of the side aisles, near the monument to the Counts, is an inscription in honour of William Farel.

The elegant market building, known as *Les Halles*, with its projecting turret, which gives the place quite a picturesque aspect, was erected in the year 1570. The main gateway is an arch with an entablature bearing the arms of the House of Orléans-Longueville.

The ancient borough of Valangin is overlooked by its castle, which, occupying an eminence surrounded by a wall, presents an imposing appearance. The castle is now used as a prison. In its subterranean dungeons various instruments of torture are still preserved.

> "But ere these matchless heights I dare to scan,
> There is a spot should not be passed in vain,—
> Morat! the proud, the patriot field! where man
> May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,
> Nor blush for those who conquered on that plain;
> . . . . . .
> While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage vies,
> Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand."

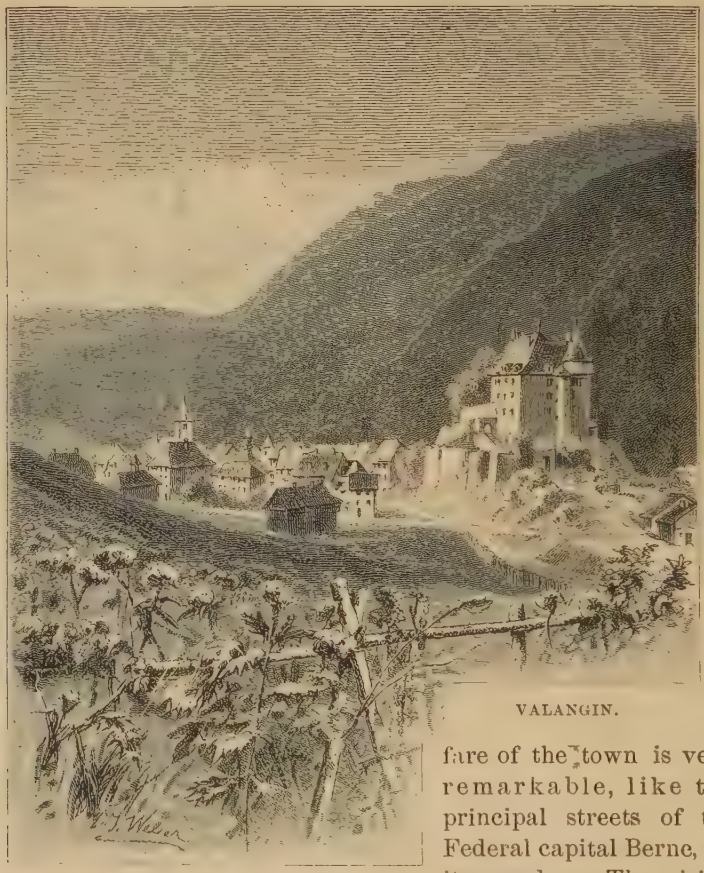
The Swiss town celebrated in these well-known lines is memorable as having been the scene of one of the most famous battles recorded in history—a combat in which the most brilliantly equipped army and the haughtiest prince of the fifteenth century were utterly overthrown by the sturdy inhabitants of the Alpine vales. The town still retains all the characteristics of a mediæval fortress, and the environs are rich in antiquities of the most remarkable kind, dating back to a period when civilization was in its earliest stages, if not to a time when the inhabitants of western Europe had not yet emerged from the savage state.

DOORWAY OF HALLES, NEUCHATEL.

The Roman emperor, Vespasian, is recorded to have paid frequent visits to his colony of Aventicum, and to have built himself a villa on its shores, in order to enjoy a prospect which reminded him in a striking manner of the scenery and the characteristic colouring of the beautiful Lake of Tiberias in Palestine.

In the olden times, Morat was considered a strong fortress, but in the present age its lofty walls have a merely historical value.

None other of the old fortresses of Switzerland has retained its characteristic features in such a degree as Morat, the very dwelling-houses of which, with their arcades and arch-ways, have an antique look. Our attention is first attracted by the old Castle, dating from the year 1238. (See cut, page 25.) The lofty quadrangular tower is now used as a prison. This broad main thorough-



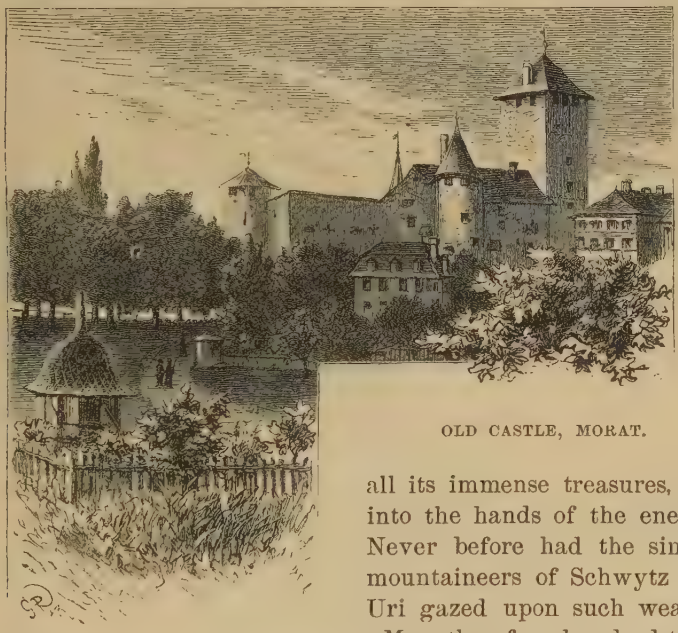
VALANGIN.

fare of the town is very remarkable, like the principal streets of the Federal capital Berne, for its arcades. The visitor will not fail to be struck with the rich display of flowers on the windowsills and under the arches; the main street, indeed, often has the appearance of a garden, or of a grove of oleanders, pomegranate and fig-trees. At Adler Inn, the men of Thoune refreshed themselves after the perils and fatigues of the battle of Morat, running up a heavy bill which still remains unpaid.

Behind the church a staircase leads on to the Town Wall, which may be traversed from here as far as the Witch's Tower, near

the upper end of the town. The view from the ramparts is very fine. On one side we overlook the roofs of the town as far as the lake and the Jura range; on the other side there lies before us the charming scenery of the valley with its well-cultivated fields, the fertile hills and wooded heights. See cut on page 27.

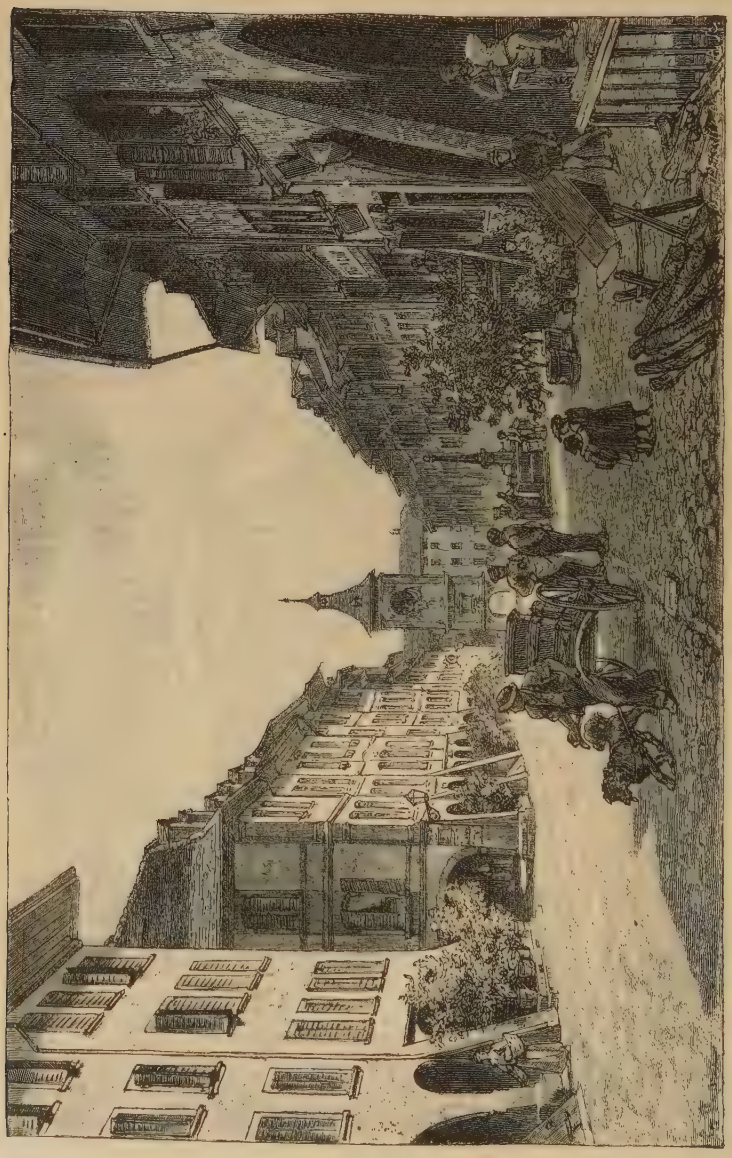
In January, 1476, the Duke of Burgundy assembled a splendidly equipped army of 30,000 men at Nancy, marched by way of Besançon to Granson, on the Lake of Neuchâtel. Here he was attacked by the Confederates, and suffered the first reverse he had ever experienced. His army was routed, and his camp, with



OLD CASTLE, MORAT.

all its immense treasures, fell into the hands of the enemy. Never before had the simple mountaineers of Schwytz and Uri gazed upon such wealth. "More than four hundred tents hung with silk, Charles' tent, said to be the finest in Europe, after that of the Ottoman sultan, lined with satin and richly embroidered with pearls and gold; his golden chair of state, the ducal hat, with its jewelled trimmings, representing the value of a wealthy province; his magnificent sword of Damascus steel—seven large diamonds, as many rubies, fifteen fine pearls, as well as sapphires and other gems, adorned the hilt; the insignia of the Golden Fleece. In the tent which served as a chapel, the victors found the golden rosary of Philip the Good, with gems for beads; a shrine set with pearls and rubies, containing, it was averred, sacred relics of miraculous power—a piece of the true cross, of the crown of thorns, of the spear and scourge, fragments of the purple robe,

of the seamless coat, and of the table-cloth used at the Last Supper; more ancient than these, a piece of Aaron's rod, and fragments

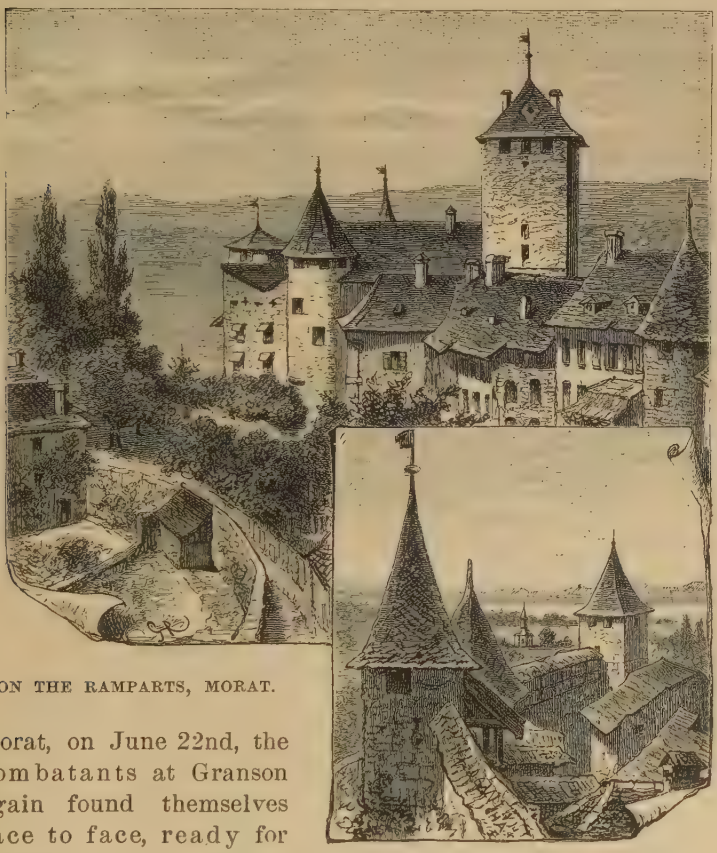


MAIN STREET AND THE BERNE ARCHWAY, MORAT.

of the broken tables of the law. They found also the great seal of the house of Burgundy—a pound's weight of pure gold; gold and silver goblets, dishes, and plates that had been the admira-

tion of kings and emperors. Finally there was four hundred travelling chests filled with gold and silver stuffs, superb linen, and an unheard-of quantity of silks."

Duke Charles, burning with rage and mortification, and eager to avenge his defeat, lost no time in collecting his scattered forces and preparing a new and still more powerful expedition. At



ON THE RAMPARTS, MORAT.

Morat, on June 22nd, the combatants at Granson again found themselves face to face, ready for another deadly grapple. So eager for the contest were the Swiss, that most of them refused their morning meal. They knelt in prayer, and at that moment the sun burst through the clouds. The commander sprang to his feet, waved his sword and cried: "Up, brave comrades, God lights us to victory. Think of your wives and children; let not your dear ones become a prey to the enemy!"

The French were forced to fall back before the furious onslaught of the Swiss. The duke saw with dismay fifteen hundred of his nobles lying dead on the field. Several thousand of the

cavalry and cuirassiers of Ravestein's corps endeavoured to make their way through the reed-beds bordering the lake. The weight of the horses and heavy armour proved too great for the marshy ground, and many were suddenly plunged deep in the morass. Others got into deep water and were drowned; so that of several thousand only one cuirassier escaped with his life. Covered with shame and confusion, the duke fled back to France.

One of the most interesting places in the vicinity of Morat is Avenches, the *Aventicum* of the Romans. The old walls witness to the great extent of the Roman town. They measure more than three miles in circumference. It would be difficult to find a building for many miles around which is not in part composed of the ruins of the old Roman town.

The ancient wall was defended at intervals of from 200 to 300 feet by watch-towers, one of which remains almost intact. The fortifications are thought to have been built under the Emperors Vespasian and Titus. According to Suetonius, Vespasian's father was a banker here. But not only did these emperors surround Aventicum with walls and towers; they built aqueducts to supply the town with good water from a distance. Several of these aqueducts still exist.

The amphitheatre afforded space for from eight to nine thousand spectators. The forum is 700 feet in length, and has immense foundation walls. Here stands the Cigognier, a column of Jura marble, 37 feet in height and three feet six inches in diameter. The column derives its name from the circumstance that a stork's nest occupied it for centuries. Lord Byron refers to this as follows:

"By a lone wall a lonelier column rears
A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days,
'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years,
And looks as with the wild, bewilder'd gaze
Of one to stone converted by amaze,
Yet still with consciousness; and there it stands
Making a marvel that it not decays,
When the coeval pride of human hands,
Levell'd Aventicum, hath strew'd her subject lands."

SHOW me the path. I had forgotten Thee
When I was happy and free,
Walking down here in the gladsome light of the sun,
But now I come and mourn; O set my feet
In the road to Thy blest seat,
And for the rest, O God, Thy will be done!

—*Jean Ingelow.*

HOW CAREY BECAME AN APOSTLE.

BY AN EASTERN PRESBYTER.

CAREY'S BIRTHPLACE.

William Carey was born in the very heart of that midland district of England which brought forth Shakespeare and Bunyan. Edmund Carey, his father, was descended from a family which had in it men of rank and title, and of achievement in peace and war, during the two and a half centuries between Richard II. and Charles II. But this same Edmund had neither titles, honours, nor riches. He had what is much better, however, namely, a healthy body, a little learning, and that sturdy independence which turns its back upon charities and the poor-house to wrest bread from the weedy earth, directly or indirectly, by dint of hard work. So he set himself to the task of being his own father and grandfather by erecting in a two-storey cottage a loom, on which he wove the woollen cloth known as "taminy." And he had the faith that he could thus support, not only himself, but others as well. A young woman who shared this conviction with him became his wife, and from their union sprang the subject of this sketch, the illustrious William Carey, D.D.

William was the first child, and for six years he watched the flying shuttle and listened to the rhythmic noises of his father's loom. But at the end of that time they ceased, the weaver having been appointed school-master, and been with his family removed to the free school-house, where William enjoyed the benefit of his father's teaching for the next eight years.

It was in the village of Paulerspury, which had a population of perhaps 800, and lay in a beautiful country with large fields of grass and wheat, rich gardens and orchards, and glorious swelling oölitic hills, which rose as high as 700 feet. Here the growing boy had animal and bird, and tree and plant and flower; and in his quietly strenuous way he delighted in them all. He was from the first determined to know all that he could discover, especially about insects, birds, and flowers.

But he followed every other study which he took up with the same perseverance. Sometimes his mother would wake at night and hear him lisping accounts in his struggles to master book-keeping. He was a great tree climber, and insect catcher, and

plant collector. The roads were never too muddy, nor the run too far, nor the nest too high. If he fell from the tree he simply rubbed the bruised spot and climbed again. Of course all the things, living and dead, which he gathered together had to be housed, and his grandmother had her house full of birds in cages, and butterflies bursting from cocoons, and other things less canny, when Master William was at home. He could take care of a garden, too, but at farming he was useless; and when he was fifteen, the boys, who found him equally awkward in games, nick-named the future discoverer of the lost missionary idea, and used to say to him, "Well, if you won't play, preach us a sermon." For this he was usually ready, and would hold forth from the broad top of a dwarf witch-elm, which he would mount for the purpose.

HOUSE IN WHICH THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY WAS FORMED.

All this time William was reading. "What kind of books did he read?" He will tell us himself. Listen: "I chose to read books of science, history, voyages, etc., more than any others. Novels and plays always disgusted me, and I avoided them as much as I did books of religion, and perhaps from the same motive. I was better pleased with romances, and this circumstance made me read that wonderful book, the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' though to no purpose."

So, at fifteen, Carey showed that there was manly stuff in him, but he was certainly no saint. Another fact or two will make this last word clearer. About this time he was, as many an illustrious man has been since, apprenticed to a shoemaker. In the praise of his master, he says that he was a strict Churchman, rather too free at drinking grog and sending his apprentices out to deliver boots and shoes on Sunday mornings, but "an inveterate enemy to lying, a vice to which I was awfully addicted."

His master's senior apprentice was a Dissenter, and as such Carey looked upon him with a contempt like that of the Pharisee towards the publican in our Lord's parable, and many were the debates they waged over their lasts, the Pharisee, as he himself confesses, often strengthening his argument by mere bluster when he was troubled by its feebleness.

He began to let his fellow-apprentice lead him to the Dissenting chapel. Here he became convinced of sin so deeply that he "felt ruined and helpless." Gradually he came out of darkness into light, until the day arrived when he was able to see all things

clearly, and when, lifting up his eyes, he beheld Jesus as his all-sufficient Saviour and Holy Exemplar. He was eighteen then, and united with others in the place to form a Congregational church. Four years later he joined a Baptist church in Northampton, where he was known as "a poor journeyman shoemaker." He had been preaching two years before this with recognized ability. He was far from ignorant, for he read his Bible every morning in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. When he wished a new book, he often did without enough meals to buy it.

"How did he get all these languages?" They were lying around loose and he picked them up and carried them off, of course. Young men like Carey have the knack of finding things where others never dream of looking for them.

He had more than books to buy. Before he was twenty he was married, had his wife's widowed sister to support, and the price of a shoemaker's stock, which he had bought out, to pay. Reverses came, and a fever which carried off his first child, and kept him at death's door himself for a time. And, worse than all, Dolly Plackett made a terrible Carey, and laid herself out to show him what a disagreeable wife can make a man suffer, when she just lets her nature act itself out.

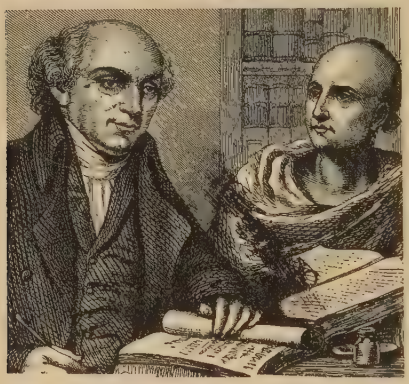
LAL BAZAAR CHAPEL.

But not even poverty and a bad wife could keep this strong, young spirit from marching right on to the heights of Christian manhood, and the performance of its highest and holiest duties. He applied for a place in the ministry when nearly twenty-five, was accepted the next year, and was, when nearly twenty-seven, ordained over a Church at Moulton, which had promised him almost fifty dollars a year. He was to get within some cents of twenty-five dollars more from a London fund. For a while he helped his finances by teaching school, and when the school-master came back, he went to making shoes again. By all these means it is thought he may have secured a whole yearly income of one hundred and seventy-five dollars.

While working in his shop his spirit was abroad, exploring now a great continent, and now some small island of the Pacific, Tahiti, or another. Those who entered that shop, saw, "hanging up against the wall, a very large map, consisting of several sheets of paper pasted together by himself, on which he had drawn, with a pen, a place for every nation in the known world, and entered into it whatever he met with in reading, relative to its population, religion, etc." The missionary spirit was upon him,

and he drew the whole world into his mind and heart. There was no person in Great Britain to dispute his right to it as missionary ground.

A little later one Christian man in India asked Simeon and Wilberforce to send eight ministers to that benighted land, but no one seemed willing to go, and many sneered at the very idea of the thing. If Carey was filled with the vast thought of making Christ the known Saviour of all the world, he was alone, and what could one man do? He could talk about it in his shop, using his map to illustrate his ideas, and prove his positions. He could bring up the subject at the ministers' meetings. At one of these meetings, held at Northampton, in 1786, "the younger brethren were invited to propose a subject for discussion." After a considerable pause, the Moulton minister, probably with some show of excitement, suggested this: "Whether the command given to the apostles to teach all nations was not obligatory on all succeeding ministers to the end of the world, seeing that the accompanying promise was of equal extent." "You are a miserable enthusiast for proposing such a question," roared the aged chairman. "Certainly nothing can be done before another Pentecost, when an effusion of miraculous gifts, including the gift of tongues, will give effect to the commission of Christ as at the first."



CAREY AND HIS PUNDIT.

But the new Pentecost had already come to Carey. Already he had four tongues, with others following and to arrive in due time. And, better still, he was filled with the Spirit, and had Pentecostal zeal, Pentecostal courage, and Pentecostal common-sense. Silenced by that meeting he went home and wrote a paper on the subject, which he entitled: "An Enquiry into the Obligations of Christians to use Means for the Conversion of the Heathens, in which the Religious State of Different Nations of the World, the Success of Former Undertakings, and the Practicability of Further Undertakings, are considered." The opening motto was the words of Paul: "For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek. . . How shall they preach except they be sent."

Newspapers and magazines were not what they are now. He

would have to pay for the publication of his earnest words, and not less than all Moulton gave him in a year would do it. Thomas Potts, of Birmingham, who had made a fortune in trade with America, gave him ten pounds, and his pamphlet appeared in 1792, six years after it was written. Men found when they read it, that a shoemaker under thirty had penned a masterly production, in a literary style so cultured, that few, if any, university men of his day could have equalled it. The richness of information, force of logic, and calm enthusiasm which it displayed, could not fail to produce conviction in some quarters. George Smith, Carey's biographer, calls it "this first and still greatest missionary treatise in the English language." It was born with the new birth of Carey's soul in 1779, and grew slowly to its full dimensions while the years were passing during which he prayed daily for all slaves and all heathens. It was the source and inspiration of the great volume of missionary literature which has from that day to this blessed the world—has watered and refreshed many a waste and arid land.

CAREY'S PULPIT, SERAMPORE.

Following the publication of the "Enquiry," on May 31st, 1792, came the opening of the ministers' meeting in Nottingham. Carey went, not knowing what effect the reading of his pamphlet had produced upon the minds of his brethren. He was asked to preach, and took for his text, Isaiah liv. 2, 3: "Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitations: spare not, lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes; for thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left; and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited." His sermon had a firstly and a secondly:

I. Expect great things from God.

II. Attempt great things for God.

The service over, the congregation began to disperse. Carey could not bear the thought of waiting for decisive action, even for another day; so, seizing the great Andrew Fuller by the arm, he exclaimed, "And are you, after all, going to do nothing?" He had conquered at last. The other ministers gathered about him and Fuller, and together they did something—this:

Resolved, That a plan be prepared against the next ministers'

meeting at Kettering for forming a Baptist Society for propogating the Gospel among the heathen."

Accordingly, at Kettering four months later, on October 2nd, 1792, the twelve ministers formed themselves into the Society, adopted a constitution, and subscribed among them thirteen pounds two shillings and sixpence, for the purpose of at once sending Carey forth as their first missionary. Carey had suggested in his pamphlet that the members of the new society which he had forecast should tithe their incomes, and give besides a free-will offering of a penny a week for the spread of Christ's cause. They compromised the matter by dismissing the tithe, and promising two pennies a week instead of one. Having themselves, subscribed their thirteen pounds and half-crown as a special fund to begin with, these ministers now went to their congregations for an additional increase in their subscriptions, and one Samuel Pearce, "the seraphic preacher of Birmingham," gathered and sent in seventy pounds.

CAREY'S TOMB AT SERAMPORE.

Having the whole world before them, the Society did not know at first where to send Carey to begin their work. He preferred Tahiti or Central Africa. But just then a physician named Thomas, who had been in Bengal, and witnessed for Christ there, met Carey, and spoke with him about that field. "We saw," said Fuller afterwards, "there was a gold mine in India, but it was as deep as the centre of the earth. Who will venture to explore it?" 'I will venture to go down,' said Carey, 'but remember that you must hold the ropes.' We solemnly engaged to him to do so, nor while we live will we desert him."

So Carey, the ordained minister, and Thomas, the medical evangelist, went together down into the Indian mine. They were set apart for the work on March 20th, 1793. The first golden nugget which they secured was a grand one—Krishna Chander Pal—but it was only after seven years of constant preaching and other toil, that he was brought up into the sunshine of conscious salvation through Christ. Many workers have been let down from Europe, Britain, and America into that deep Indian mine since Carey went; and now 2,500,000 Hindoos confess Christ. And all India and all the world shall yet be His. But the singular honour of having both opened up and led the way for all English-speaking Protestants belongs to Carey forever.

MISSION WORK IN THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

BY THE REV. E. R. YOUNG.*

I HAD received instructions from the Missionary Secretaries to visit Oxford Mission, and to do all I could for its upbuilding. This mission had had a good measure of success in years gone by. A church and mission house had been built at Jackson's Bay, and many of the Indians had been converted. I left Norway House in a small canoe, manned by two of my Christian Indians, one of whom was my interpreter. With this wonderful little boat I was now to make my first intimate acquaintance.

For this wild land of broad lakes and rapid rivers and winding creeks, the birch-bark canoe is the boat of all others most admirably fitted. It is to the Indian here what the horse is to his more warlike red brother on the great prairies, or what the camel is to those who live and wander amidst Arabian deserts. The canoe is absolutely essential to these natives in this land, where there are no other roads than the intricate, devious water routes. It is the frailest of all boats, yet it can be loaded down to the water's edge, and under the skilful guidance of these Indians, who are unquestionably the finest canoe men in the world, it can be made to respond to the sweep of their paddles, so that it seems almost instinct with life and reason. What they can do in it, and with it, appeared to me at times perfectly marvellous. Yet when we remember that for about five months of every year some of the hunters almost live in it, this may not seem so very wonderful. It carries them by day, and in it, or under it, they often sleep by night. At the many portages which have to be made in this land, where the rivers are so full of falls and rapids, one man can easily carry it on his head to the smooth water beyond. In it we have travelled thousands of miles, while going from place to place with the blessed tidings of salvation to these wandering bands scattered over my immense circuit. Down the wild rapids we have rushed for miles together, and then out into great Lake Winnipeg, or other lakes, so far from shore that the distant headlands were scarce visible. Foam-crested waves have often seemed as though about to overwhelm us, and treacherous gales to swamp us, yet my faithful, well-trained canoe men were always equal to every emergency, and by the accuracy of their judgment, and

* Abridged, by kind permission of the author, from "By Canoe and Dog-Train." Toronto: William Briggs.

the quickness of their movements, appeared ever to do exactly the right thing at the right moment. As the result, I came at length to feel as much at home in a canoe as anywhere else, and

TAKING THE BARK FROM THE TREES FOR CANOE-MAKING.

with God's blessing was permitted to make many long trips to those who could not be reached in any other way, except by dog-trains in winter.

Good canoe-makers are not many, and so really good canoes are always in demand. Frail and light as this Indian craft may be, there is a great deal of skill and ingenuity required in its construction.

Great care is requisite in taking the bark from the tree. A long incision is first made longitudinally in the trunk of the tree. Then, from this cut, the Indian begins, and with his keen knife gradually peels off the whole of the bark, as high up as his incision went, in one large piece or sheet, as shown in cut on page 36. And even now that he has safely got it off the tree, the greatest care is necessary in handling it, as it will split or crack very easily. Cedar is preferred for the woodwork, and when it can possibly be obtained, is always used.

Canoes vary in style and size. Each tribe using them has its own patterns, and it was to me an ever interesting sight, to observe how admirably suited to the character of the lakes and rivers were the canoes of each tribe or district.

The finest and largest canoes were those formerly made by the Lake Superior Indians. Living on the shores of that great inland sea, they required canoes of great size and strength. These "great north canoes," as they were called, could easily carry from a dozen to a score of paddlers, with a cargo of a couple of tons of goods. In the old days of the rival fur-traders, these great canoes played a very prominent part. Before steam or even large sailing vessels had penetrated into those northern lakes, these canoes were extensively used. Loaded with the rich furs of those wild forests, they used to come down into the Ottawa, and thence on down that great stream, often even as far as to Montreal.

Sir George Simpson, the energetic but despotic governor of the Hudson's Bay Company for years, used to travel in one of these birch canoes all the way from Montreal up the Ottawa on through Lake Nipissing into Georgian Bay; from thence into Lake Superior, on to Thunder Bay. From this place, with indomitable pluck, he pushed on back into the interior, through the Lake of the Woods, down the tortuous River Winnipeg into the lake of the same name. Along the whole length of this lake he annually travelled, in spite of its treacherous storms and annoying head winds, to preside over the Council and attend to the business of the wealthiest fur-trading company that ever existed, over which he watched with eagle eye, and in every department of which his distinct personality was felt.

How rapid the changes which are taking place in this world of ours! It seems almost incredible, in these days of mighty steam-

ships going almost everywhere on our great waters, to think that there are hundreds of people still living who distinctly remember when the annual trips of a great governor were made from Montreal to Winnipeg in a birch-bark canoe, manned by Indians.

Of this light Indian craft Longfellow wrote:

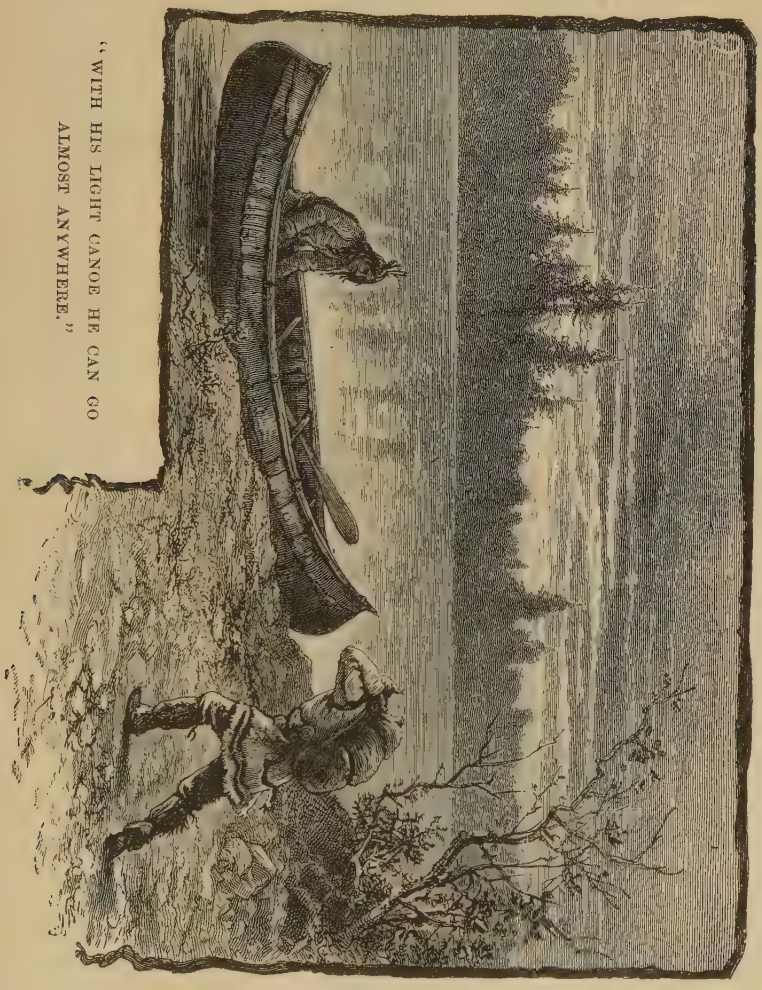
"Give me of your bark, O Birch tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift canoe for sailing.
. . . . . .
"Thus the Birch canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
All the forest life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the brightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch tree's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily."

We left for Oxford Mission on the 8th of September. The distance is over two hundred miles, through the wildest country imaginable. We did not see a house—with the exception of those built by the beavers—from the time we left our mission-home until we reached our destination. We paddled through a bewildering variety of picturesque lakes, rivers and creeks. When no storms or fierce head-winds impeded us, we were able to make fifty or sixty miles a day. When night overtook us, we camped on the shore. Sometimes it was very pleasant and romantic. At other times, when storms raged and we were drenched with the rain so thoroughly that for days we had not a dry stitch upon us, it was not quite so agreeable.

We generally began our day's journey very early in the morning, if the weather was at all favourable, and paddled on as rapidly as possible, since we knew not when head-winds might arise and stop our progress. The Oxford route is a very diversified one. There are lakes, large and small, across which we had to paddle. In some of them, when the winds were favourable, our Indians improvised a sail out of one of our blankets. Lashing it to a couple of oars, they lifted it up in the favouring wind, and thus very rapidly did we speed on our way.

At times we were in broad, beautiful rivers, and then paddling along in little narrow, creeks amidst the reeds and rushes. We passed over, or, as they say in that country, "made" nine portages around picturesque falls or rapids. In these portages one of the Indians carried the canoe on his head. The other made a great load of the bedding and provisions, all of which he carried on his back. My load consisted of the two guns, ammunition, two kettles, the bag containing my changes of raiment, and a package of books for the Indians we were to visit. How the Indians

could run so quickly through the portages was to me a marvel. Often the path was but a narrow ledge of rock against the side of the great granite cliff. At other times it was through the quaking bog or treacherous muskeg. To them it seemed to make



"WITH HIS LIGHT CANOE HE CAN GO ALMOST ANYWHERE."

no difference. On they went with their heavy loads at that swinging Indian stride which soon left me far behind.

To visit the Indians who fish in the waters of Oxford Lake and hunt upon its shores, I once brought one of our Missionary Secretaries, the eloquent Rev. Lachlin Taylor, D.D. We camped for the night on one of the most picturesque points. The Indians

looked on in amazement while he talked of the beauties of the lake and islands, of the water and the sky.

"Wait a moment, doctor," I said. "I can add to the wild beauty of the place something that will please your artistic eye."

I requested two fine-looking Indians to launch one of the canoes, and to quietly paddle out to the edge of an island which abruptly rose from the deep, clear waters before us, the top of which had on it a number of splendid spruce and balsams, massed together in natural beauty. I directed the men to drop over the side of the canoe a long fishing-line, and then posing them in striking attitudes in harmony with the place, I asked them to keep perfectly still until every ripple made by their canoe had died away.

I confess I was entranced by the sight. The reflections of the canoe and men, and of the islands and rocks, were as vivid as the actual realities. It was one of those sights which come to us but seldom in a lifetime, where everything is in perfect unison, and God gives us glimpses of what this world, His footstool, must have been before sin entered.

"Doctor," I said quietly, for my heart was full of the doxology, "tell me what you think of that vision."

Standing up, with a great rock beneath his feet, in a voice of suppressed emotion he began. Quietly at first he spoke, but soon he was carried away with his own eloquence:

"I know well the lochs of my own beloved Scotland, for in many of them I have rowed and fished. I have visited all the famed lakes of Ireland, and have rowed on those in the lake counties of England. I have travelled far and oft on our great American lakes, and have seen Tahoe, in all its crystal beauty. I have rowed on the Bosphorus, and travelled in a felucca on the Nile. I have lingered in the gondola on the canals of Venice, and have traced Rob Roy's canoe in the sea of Galilee, and on the old historic Jordan. I have seen, in my wanderings in many lands, places of rarest beauty, but the equal of this mine eyes have never gazed upon."

Never after did I see the lake as we saw it that day.

On it we have had to battle against fierce storms, where the angry waves seemed determined to engulf us. Once, in speeding along as well as we could from island to island, keeping in the lee as much as possible, we ran upon a sharp rock and stove a hole in our canoe. We had to use our paddles desperately to reach the shore, and when we had done so, we found our canoe half full of water, in which our bedding and food were soaked. We hurriedly built a fire, melted some pitch, and mended our canoe, and hurried on.

Long years ago a careless, sinful, young Indian rushed into the mission-house under the influence of liquor, and threatened to strike me. But the blessed truth reached his heart, and it was my joy to see him a humble suppliant at the Cross. His heart's desire was realized. God has blessedly led him on, and now he is faithfully preaching that same blessed gospel to his countrymen at Oxford Mission.

In responding to the many Macedonian cries, my circuit kept so enlarging that I had to be "in journeyings often." My canoes were sometimes launched in spring, ere the great floating ice-fields had disappeared, and through tortuous open channels we carefully paddled our way, often exposed to great danger.

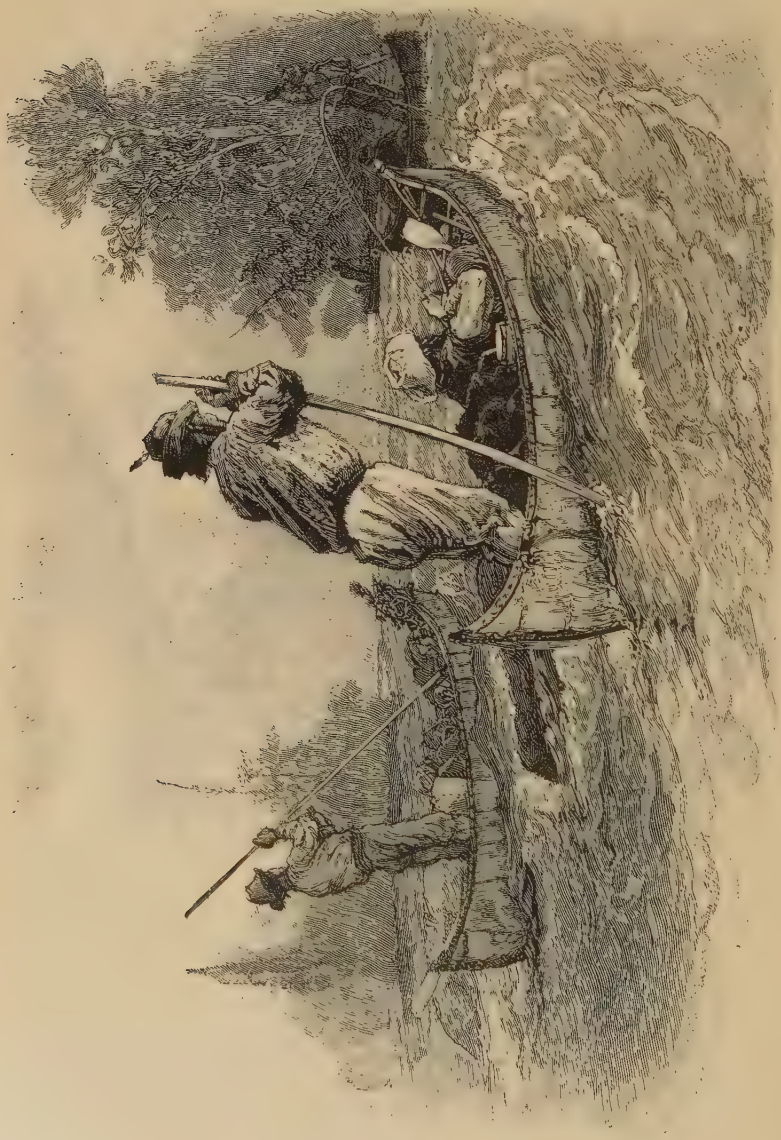
On one of these early trips we came to a place where for many miles the moving ice-fields stretched out before us. One narrow channel of open water only was before us. Anxious to get on, we dashed into it, and rapidly paddled ourselves along. I had two experienced Indians, and so had no fear, but expected some novel adventures—and had them with interest.

Our hopes were that the wind would widen the channel, and thus let us into open water. But, to our disappointment, when we had got along a mile or so in this narrow open space, we found the ice was quietly but surely closing in upon us. As it was from four to six feet thick, and of vast extent, there was power enough in it to crush a good-sized ship; so it seemed that our frail birch-bark canoe would have but a poor chance.

I saw there was a reasonable possibility that when the crash came we could spring on to the floating ice. But what should we do then? was the question, with canoe destroyed and on floating ice far from land.

However, as my Indians kept perfectly cool, I said nothing, but paddled away and watched for the development of events. Nearer and nearer came the ice; soon our channel was not fifty feet wide. Already behind us the floes had met, and we could hear the ice grinding and breaking as the enormous masses met in opposite directions. Now it was only about twenty feet from side to side. Still the men paddled on, and I kept paddling in unison with them. When the ice was so close that we could easily touch it on either side with our paddles, one of the Indians quietly said, "Missionary, will you please give me your paddle?" I quickly handed it to him when he immediately thrust it with his own into the water, holding down the ends of them so low horizontally under the canoe that the blade end was out of water on the other side of the boat. The other Indian held his paddle in the same position, although from the other side of the canoe. Almost im-

mediately after the ice crowded in upon us. But as the points of the paddles were higher than the ice, of course they rested



"REV. LACHLIN TAYLOR, D.D., WAS AN ENTHUSIASTIC FISHERMAN."

upon it for an instant. This was what my cool-headed, clever men wanted. They had a fulcrum for their paddles, and so they pulled carefully on the handle ends of them, and, the canoe sliding

up as the ice closed in and met with a crash under us, we found ourselves seated in it on the top of the ice. The craft, although only a frail birch-bark canoe, was not in the least injured.

As we quickly sprang out of our canoe, and carried it away from where the ice had met and was being ground into pieces by the momentum with which it came together, I could not but express my admiration to my men at the clever feat.

On one of my canoe trips, when looking after pagan bands in the remote Nelson River District, I had some singular experiences, and learned some important lessons about the craving of the pagan heart after God.

We had been journeying on for ten or twelve days when one night we camped on the shore of a lake-like river. While my men were busily employed in gathering wood and cooking the supper, I wandered off and ascended to the top of a well-wooded hill which I saw in the distance. Very great, indeed, was my surprise, when I reached the top, to find myself in the presence of the most startling evidences of a degraded paganism.

The hill had once been densely covered with trees, but about every third one had been cut down, and the stumps, which had been left from four to ten feet high, had been carved into rude representations of the human form. Scattered around were the dog-ovens, which were nothing but holes dug in the ground and lined with stones, in which at certain seasons, as part of their religious ceremonies, some of their favourite dogs—white ones were always preferred—were roasted, and then devoured by the excited crowd. Here and there were the tents of the old conjurers and the medicine men, who, combining some knowledge of disease and medicine, with a great deal of superstitious abominations, held despotic sway over the people. The power of these old conjurers over the deluded Indians was very great. They were generally lazy old fellows, but succeeded, nevertheless, in getting the best that was going, as they held other Indians in such terror of their power, that gifts in the shape of fish and game were constantly flowing in upon them. They have the secret art among themselves of concocting some poisons so deadly that a little put in the food of a person who has excited their displeasure will cause death almost as soon as a dose of strychnine. They have other poisons which, while not immediately causing death to the unfortunate victims, yet so affect and disfigure them, that, until death releases them, their sufferings are intense and their appearance frightful.

Here on this hill top were all these sad evidences of the degraded condition of the people. I wandered around and examined the

idols, the most of which had in front of them, and in some instances on their flat heads, offerings of tobacco, food, red cotton, and other things. While there I lingered, and mused, and prayed, the shadows of the night fell on me, and I was shrouded in gloom. Then the full moon rose up in the east, and as her silvery beams shone through the trees and lit up these grotesque idols, the scene presented a strange weird appearance. My faithful Indians, becoming alarmed at my long absence—for the country was infested by wild animals—were on the search for me, when I returned to the camp fire. We ate our evening meal, sang a hymn, and bowed in prayer. Then we wrapped ourselves up in our blankets, and lay down on the granite rocks to rest. Although our bed was hard and there was no roof above us, we slept sweetly, for the day had been one of hard work and strange adventure.

After paddling about forty miles the next day we reached the Indians of that section of the country, and remained several weeks among them. We held three religious services every day, and between these services taught the people to read in the syllabic characters. They listened attentively, and the Holy Spirit applied these truths to their hearts and consciences so effectively that they gladly received them. A few more visits effectually settled them in the truth. They have cut down their idols, filled up the dog-ovens, torn away the conjurers' tents, cleared the forest, and banished every vestige of the old life. And, there, at what is called, "the Meeting of the Three Rivers," on that very spot where idols were worshipped amidst horrid orgies, and where the yells, rattles, and drums of the old conjurers and medicine men were heard continuously for days and nights, there is now a little church, where these same Indians, transformed by the glorious gospel of the Son of God, are "clothed and in their right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus."

My visits to Nelson River so impressed me with the fact of the necessity of some zealous missionary going down there and living among the people, that, in response to appeals made, the Rev. John Semmens, whose heart God had filled with missionary zeal, and who had come out to assist me at Norway House, nobly resolved to undertake the work. He was most admirably fitted for the arduous and responsible task. But no language of mine can describe what he had to suffer. His record is on high. The Master has it all, and He will reward. Great were his successes, and signal his triumphs.

At that place, where I found the stumps carved into idols, which Brother Semmens has so graphically described, the church, mainly through his instrumentality and personal efforts, has been

erected. In the last letter which I have received from that land, the writer says: "The Indians now all profess themselves to be Christians. Scores of them by their lives and testimonies assure us of the blessed consciousness that the Lord Jesus is indeed their own loving Saviour. Every conjuring drum has ceased. All vestiges of the old heathenish life are gone, we believe, forever."

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

Grandly has this prophecy been fulfilled, and dwarfs into insignificance all the sufferings and hardships endured in the pioneer work which I had in beginning this Mission. With a glad heart I rejoice that "unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."

FAREWELL, OLD YEAR.

Farewell, Old Year, we walk no more together,
I catch the sweetness of thy latest sigh;
And, crowned with yellow brake and withered heather,
I see thee stand beneath this cloudy sky.

Here, in the dim light of a gray December,
We part in smiles, and yet we meet in tears,
Watching thy chilly dawn, I well remember
I thought thee saddest born of all the years.

I knew not then what precious gifts were hidden
Under the mists that veiled thy path from sight;
I knew not then that joy would come unbidden
To make thy closing hours divinely bright.

I only saw the dreary clouds unbroken,
I only heard the plash of icy rain;
And, in that winter gloom, I found no token
To tell me that the sun would shine again.

Oh, dear Old Year, I wronged a Father's kindness;
I would not trust Him with my load of care,
I stumbled on in weariness and blindness,
And lo! He blessed me with an answered prayer.

Good-bye, kind Year! We walk no more together,
But here in quiet happiness we part;
And, from thy wreath of faded fern and heather,
I take some sprays and wear them on my heart.

—*Sunday Magazine.*

SCIENCE AND PROGRESS.

BY C. A. CHANT, B.A.

"SCIENCE" and "progress" are both terms of the very widest significance. Three hundred years ago, Admirable Crichton, that famous Scotchman, knew practically all that was to be learned; now it requires a life-time to master well the whole of a single, comparatively small section of one of the great divisions of science.

The great expansion of scientific knowledge has taken place during the present century, but especially during the last fifty years. It is my intention, first, to sketch a few of the grandest achievements in the field of physical science; and then I shall briefly consider the question suggested by my subject, that is, whether the civilized world moves forward abreast with science and upon parallel lines.

The term "science," as has been remarked, has a very great wealth of meaning, and can be taken to cover almost all our acquired learning, though in the popular sense its meaning is much restricted. In many of the newspapers is to be found a column headed "Science and Progress," which usually allures the eye of the curious. Very generally at the top is to be seen a large telescope pointed to the heavens, with a little cherub clinging to the eyepiece and gazing through at the starry wonders, while over in the distance stands the prosperous city with its many towers and spires and factory chimneys.

Almost always the *progress* refers to the application of some branch of scientific inquiry to the many necessities of the human race. I might quote the subjects of some paragraphs picked out at random: "Waste in Handling Gold Coin;" "How to Temper a Spring;" "Big Belts made of Paper;" "Acid-resisting Lining for Boilers;" "Recovering Down from Beaver-skin Scraps;" "Cutting Coal by Machinery;" "The Laughing Plant," etc. Almost every case, you will notice, is an instance of applied science.

But theoretical science is always far in advance. The crest of her sure-moving wave is "far away on its course over the illimitable ocean of the unknown" before the flotsam and jetsam left behind is turned into the wages of workmen and the wealth of capitalists. Sometimes the natural philosopher works toward this mercenary goal, but more usually the applications which so jubilate the heart of the craftsman are only incidental advantages cropping out in the pursuit of truth.

Physical science is sometimes divided into three great parts physics, chemistry, and biology; though it must always be understood that the boundary lines between these three mighty provinces are by no means easily traced. This is particularly true of physics and chemistry, and upon the territory common to these two very much careful work has been expended. In each of the three divisions there has been a remarkable advancement

indeed, such grand generalizations have been made, that in the several cases an almost complete reorganization has been required. In physics we can point to that profound fundamental principle, the conservation of energy, which many men still living have assisted to elaborate; in chemistry, the atomic theory is of recent growth; while in biology, the rehabilitation of the doctrine of evolution has had the effect of unifying, revivifying and marvellously extending that branch of science.

Let us consider, first, the conservation of energy. Energy is the ability to do work, and the amount of resistance a body can overcome is a measure of the energy it possesses. For our simplest illustrations, consider bodies in actual motion. We all know that a bullet, projected from a rifle, can penetrate an oaken plank, or (alas, that we should so often try it) can pierce the human body. In this case resistance is overcome, work is performed. The merry rivulet as it ripples onward down the hillside not only charms the eye, but often moves in channels of the greatest utility. It can make the mill-wheel quickly turn, and give us flour for our bread or lumber to build our houses. In these examples, the energy is that of a considerable mass of matter which the eye can perceive. The ultimate particles of matter, the molecules, are also supposed to be in a state of ceaseless activity and remain essentially unaffected, even though the mass which they make up may receive the most powerful blows. The energy of these units is thought to be immense, and the time of their oscillations is exceedingly small. Nikola Tesla, in his recent experimental investigations in electricity, succeeded in producing currents which alternated over a million times per second, and some wonderful phenomena appeared. It was suggested by some eminent men of science that the vibrations of the current corresponded to those of the molecule, and thus some of the latter's mighty energy was made use of. It is believed that these researches open the way for further investigations into the actions of those mysterious, minute bodies which comprise the life-blood of the universe.

These are instances of energy of motion; but there is another species, that of position. We are conscious that energy is expended in throwing upwards a stone; and, just when it reaches its highest point, let a person put out his hand and lodge it upon the top of a house. There it lies at rest, but the loss of energy is only apparent, for let the one that caught it drop it again; it reaches the earth with the velocity it had on leaving, and we all know well to keep out of the way lest the energy acquired be expended in felling us to the ground. Thus a stone upon the top of a house is a very different thing from one on the ground; it is said to possess potential energy, or energy of position.

This fact is sometimes painfully impressed upon the inhabitants of mountainous countries. The hamlet at the base sees a great difference between a field of innocent-looking snow lying beside them and the great mass far up the mountain side, which so frequently descends in a mighty avalanche, carrying everything

before it. In the same way the pond of water at the high level is very different from one at low level. From the latter no work can be obtained.

In all these cases the force of gravity has been utilized, but in the case of a watch-spring wound up or a cross-bow ready to be released, we bend to our purpose the force of elasticity. This stored-up energy of position has been compared to money in a bank. By employing the workman, the rich man puts this energy of position into energy of motion. The pendulum is a good illustration of the two kinds of energy; at its highest position the energy is entirely potential, or due to position; at the lowest point it is entirely kinetic, or due to the motion; and at intermediate points it is partly of one kind and partly of the other; and thus we see how easily one kind of energy changes to the other.

Let us again consider the stone thrown upward. As it rises its velocity continually diminishes, until at last it stops for an instant and then commences its downward course. It reaches the ground with the velocity of projection, and so also with the same energy. It strikes the earth and the energy at once disappears with the motion. What has become of it? The cases in which motion was destroyed by percussion or by friction, long were stumbling-blocks in the pathway of advance of a comprehensive theory of energy, and only in recent years were these removed. The fact that by friction heat is produced had long been known, but philosophers were of the opinion that heat was due to the presence of a peculiar kind of matter called caloric, which made its appearance when called for in the right manner. Davy and Rumford, however, saw that this hypothesis was hardly tenable, and so the notion that heat is simply a mode of motion came to be discussed. It is to Joule that most credit is due for establishing a definite mathematical relation between heat and work. He demonstrated experimentally, that to every amount of heat produced, corresponds an exact amount of mechanical work—that to raise the temperature of one pound of water one degree Fahr., requires the expenditure of 772 foot-pounds of work. The mechanical theory has been further elaborated by modern men of science, particularly by Mayer and Clausius in Germany, and Maxwell and Thomson in England, and is now universally accepted. The development of this theory of heat closed the gap in the doctrine of energy. For many years the possibility of transforming one kind of energy into another without loss had been recognized, and when it was demonstrated that, when the motion of a body as a whole is suddenly stopped, this motion is taken up by the molecules which are violently agitated and produce heat, all was plain sailing.

In recent years the various species of energy have been thoroughly investigated and their mutual transformations examined with great care. Besides the energy due to visible motion, and that due to advantageous position, there is the energy of absorbed heat, the backward and forward motion of the molecules; the energy of molecular separation by virtue of the force

of cohesion; that of atomic separation due to chemical affinity; that of electrical separation, which is another form of energy of position; that of electricity in motion, the electric current; and lastly, radiant energy. It is believed that there is very little matter between the sun and the earth, and yet we have a kind of energy which traverses this great distance at an enormous velocity. This is thought to consist of vibrations of the space-filling ether, and hence its energy is similar to that of the pendulum.

Now for the law of conservation. Let us conceive the universe as a whole, complete in itself, giving no energy away nor receiving any from without; then the algebraic sum of the various energies considered is a constant quantity; the different terms of the equation constantly vary amongst themselves, but the sum remains everlastingly the same.

The ocean, at the bidding of the sun, may fling upwards to the heavens the clouds which are carried far over the earth; these may condense and bring forth her verdant mantle of vegetation, or trickle down in pearly spring, nourishing life, or mighty river, forming the country's arterial system, and bearing forward the nation's commerce as it rushes on to mingle again with the parent ocean. Or, again, we may use the potential energy of the atoms of coal and oxygen to give us heat; this heat will rend apart the molecules of water and furnish us with steam; using its enormous mechanical power in the steam-engine, we give a tremendous speed of rotation to the dynamo, which, in its turn, sends forth the electric energy to light our streets, propel our railways, or do ten thousand kindly favours to man. In every case there is marvellous transformation and correlation, but the sum total never varies and can never change through all the ages that our earth shall last.

In the department of Chemistry, the great work has been the erection and continual improvement of that mighty edifice, the atomic theory. Indeed, much of the *débris* left by former workmen had to be cleared away before the work of construction could begin. This theory teaches that matter is not a continuous whole, but is made up of infinitely small ultimate particles called molecules and atoms.

From the earliest times philosophers had theories of the constitution of matter. Aristotle, who lived more than three hundred years before our era, wrote ten books on physical science. He believed that different combinations of the four qualities, heat and cold, and dry and wet, produced the four elements, air, fire, earth and water; and even in the eighteenth century, chemists believed that the principle which provided for combustion was the presence of a substance called phlogiston. If there was much phlogiston in a body it was very combustible. It was also believed that the essence of matter was always the same, but that by some mysterious transformation it changed its dress and so appeared quite different to us. Hence many years were spent in the vain attempt to transmute the baser metals into gold. Yet

all this work of the old alchemists was not fruitless; it did much to foster a spirit of investigation, and in some cases it led to really useful results. A similar remark might be made concerning astrology, the cultivation of which certainly was of great assistance to the rising child, astronomy.

Thus philosophers had reasoned for over two thousand years upon the real manner in which substances were built up, but it was left for Dalton to found our present accepted system on a basis that can hardly be controverted. He was born in 1766 and died in 1844. Chemical investigation has been carried on by Boyle, Becher, Stahl, Cavendish, Lavoisier and many others, and somewhat refined methods of experimentation had been introduced, especially by Lavoisier, but it was left for Dalton to found the new chemistry. In 1808 he published his "New System of Chemical Philosophy," in which he speaks of the great advantage in discovering:

> "The relative weights of the ultimate particles both of simple and compound bodies, the number of simple elementary particles which constitute one compound particle, and the number of less compound particles which enter into the formation of one more compound particle."

Dalton was not an expert mathematician, but he had a passion for experimental work. It is related of him, that on one occasion he was greatly troubled with catarrh, and a dose of James' powder was given him. The next day he was much improved and his medical attendant remarked the efficacy of the powder. "I do not well see," replied Dalton, "how that can be, as I kept the powder until I could have an opportunity of analyzing it." On his laboratory researches his theory was built, and when in 1811 Avogadro enunciated the law that equal volumes of gases under the same pressure and temperature contain the same number of molecules, the way was cleared for working out the immense amount of detail which faithful labourers in the chemical field have given to the world.

The manufacture of optical instruments is improving all the time, but it is to be regretted that they will never be made powerful enough to detect the diminutive molecule. And even though microscopes could be made to reveal to us an object whose diameter is not more than the one-three-hundred-millionth of an inch, it is believed that the little bodies are in such rapid motion back and forth or in straight lines, that they would escape our notice. But physicists the world over are sure that the molecule exists as truly as does the extended mass. By the microscope of faith, he sees the molecule of oxygen in his native war-paint as a vicious savage, dangerous to meet. But let a lady atom of hydrogen grasp each hand of the gentleman atom of oxygen, and at once he becomes a polished gentleman, the handsome water molecule.

Strong as is the atomic theory, and useful as it has been in colligating facts and predicting results, I think it is only in the constructive stage, and must be considered a working hypothesis

rather than a final approach to the truth. It still bears many marks of an arbitrary character. Thus we can scarcely believe that the number of elementary substances is either sixty-four, or seventy-one, or even near that number; or that the oxygen atom is just 15.96 times, or the silver atom 107.66 times the weight of the hydrogen atom. There seems to be a lack of fundamental simplicity in these relations, and it seems probable that, in years to come, a great deal of this arbitrariness will be removed. But this does not detract from the value of the hypothesis. It is one of the most powerful in all science, and if it had not been elaborated, the great subject of chemistry and the sister subject, molecular physics, would not now have anywhere to lay their heads. Whatever truth there may be in the atomic theory (and I think there surely is much), its invention has marked an epoch, yes, a regeneration, in the science of chemistry.

In the domain of Biology, there has also been a revolution and reorganization consequent upon the renewing of the doctrine of evolution. This theory is not an entirely new one. In the early neo-Platonic theology of the earlier centuries, the doctrine played an important part, while in the seventeenth century Descartes propounded a system much resembling the modern evolution theory. In the century following, Kant put forth a remarkable speculation, adopted afterwards by Laplace, and which, now known under the name of nebular hypothesis, has been accepted by most physicists as the most satisfactory explanation of the development of the universe. These are all theories of evolution. Other scientists tried to apply the doctrine to the living world, and worked with considerable vigour.

In 1830 Sir Charles Lyell published his great work, "The Principles of Geology," which made an epoch in geological science, and indeed also in the doctrine of evolution, as men began with new energy to deal with all living beings in a somewhat similar manner. Very few, however, measured the strength of the on-coming stream, and when Darwin's "Origin of Species" was published in 1859, it took the biological world by surprise. Much labour and care have been bestowed upon this part of science, and now, from being a small branch of classified knowledge, it has become a mighty stem, sending forth in every direction innumerable ramifications.

This advance is very similar to that in Physics, intending to present to the mind one grand synthetic scheme, and its influence upon our views of life and upon modern thought has been immense. There is an intense desire amongst the students of science to simplify it, and show how, from one or two small postulates, the whole fabric can be built up. The superstructure may be fantastic in its many corners and pinnacles, but the foundation is broad and the whole is united by a strong band of scientific thought and reasoning. Wondrous advances have been made, and I believe great chasms have been reached and never yet crossed; though it would appear that some philosophers have

the happy faculty of closing the eyes and then declaring that they cannot see any difficulties in the way. As the years proceed we shall become wiser and weigh matters more carefully. But (to borrow an illustration) of one thing we may rest in confidence, that though the many lines drawn out by science may be of little account in themselves, they touch the Truth, and the ideal which the intellect of man so anxiously seeks for, is surely the envelope of them all.

These are the three great labours which our modern Hercules of science has accomplished, and some would say that the nineteenth century has become possessed of much self-conceit on account of our success. If there is anything a man of science should be incapable of, it is this crime, and I think the charge is exaggerated. However, there are many other important achievements, and I shall refer to a few of them.

The investigations into the three states of matter seem worthy of remark. It has been proved that the most refractory solids can be reduced to liquids and even be volatilized, by means of the intense heat of the electric arc; and, on the other hand, by the application of very great pressure and intense cold, the most perfect gases, oxygen, hydrogen, etc., have been caused to assume the liquid and the solid state. The kinetic theory of gases has been fully worked out in connection with the dynamical theory of heat, and now all the phenomena of gaseous bodies, involving pressure and temperature, have been explained quite satisfactorily on the view that a gas is a body, the particles of which are in continuous rectilineal motion at high velocities, colliding with one another and bounding back when they strike the sides of the containing vessel. By the use of Crookes' radiometer and the Geissler tubes, some of the deepest problems of thermal, electric, and radiant energy generally have been opened up, and much is expected from future investigations upon these lines.

One of the most fruitful inventions of the age has been the spectroscope. Fraunhofer, in the early part of the present century, recognized the existence of numerous dark lines in the solar spectrum, always constant in number and position; but it was forty years before the cause of them was ascertained and their profound significance realized. Now, this instrument is the most refined means of analysis we possess, whether we wish to examine objects indefinitely small, or those in the infinite depths of space. The one-eighteen-millionth part of a grain of sodium in a spirit-lamp flame may be detected by this most delicate apparatus, while the composition of fixed stars and their velocity towards or from us have been accurately observed.

But perhaps that branch of science which deals with electrical phenomena has made the greatest practical advancement. It is scarcely a hundred years since Galvani saw in the twitching of a frog's leg the beginning of modern electricity; and Volta's great talent for making verses easily led him to great distinction in the rising science, and to his discovery of the Voltaic cell. Daniell's, Grove's, and Bunsen's batteries came afterwards, and

some little use was made of the electric current, chiefly in its applications to chemistry. In 1819, Oerstedt, of Copenhagen, happily learned the fact that the magnetic needle is deflected when brought alongside the conductor of a current, and along with this came the electro-magnet. On Christmas Day, 1821, Faraday exhibited to his wife his first electro-magnetic machine, consisting of a magnet rotating about a conducting wire, and ten years later he gave to the world his great discovery of current induction, and thus laid the foundation of the modern induction-coil and dynamo. Since then, electricity has gone forward at a marvellous pace, until now we meet the subtle agent in every walk of life. It rings our door-bells, grinds our coffee, runs our sewing-machines, and does innumerable other domestic kindnesses; outside the house it is always before our eyes, and its commercial uses are now so well known as not to require the briefest naming. At the Centennial Exhibition in 1876, a curious instrument for transmitting sound was exhibited by Andrew Graham Bell, the inventor; now the Bell telephone is one of the commonest things in every civilized nation, and the number of instruments manufactured reaches into the millions. The system of electric lighting is only ten years old, and still its growth has been enormous. Great as has been the advance in this department, we all anticipate still greater progress in the next decade, and the wildest dreams of electrical enthusiasts must not be treated with incredulity, for surely there are in store for us in the coming years as wonderful and as great achievements as have been seen in the last few years.

I have briefly sketched, in barest outline, the advances made by science during the present century; let us now consider the question whether during all these years the progress of mankind has been as great as that of science. Assuredly science has made astonishing strides; have the nations where the progress has taken place gone forward in as marked a degree? I shall not spend much time over this, but I feel sure we shall all share in the departed laureate's prayer:

> "Let Knowledge grow from more to more
> And more of reverence in us dwell
> That mind and soul, according well,
> May make one music as before,
> But vaster."

This question, in its great extent, involves the point, which is often raised, whether the world is really getting better or not. To this question I would answer, without hesitation, in the affirmative. I have no thin-spun theories of life, but this is one of the fundamentals of my creed; and when I hear a D.D. make the statement, "This world seems to grow more corrupt every day, and I doubt very much that it is getting better," I shall not attempt to argue with him; our results would certainly be at variance, because we start from hypotheses entirely different in nature.

The first large stone to be rolled from the path before we can proceed, is that placed there by the ambiguity of the term "progress." That kindly, thoughtful, English writer, Matthew Arnold, gives the following definition: "Human Progress consists in a continual increase in the number of those who, ceasing to live by the animal life alone, and to feel the pleasures of sense only, come to participate in the intellectual life also and to find enjoyment in the things of the mind"; while James Russell Lowell, one of the very noblest and ablest of Americans, says: "The measure of a nation's true success is the amount it has contributed to the thought, the moral energy, the intellectual happiness, and the spiritual consolation of mankind." Now the growth of a nation is very generally calculated from the number of acres under cultivation, the number of bushels of wheat exported, or the increases in the number and importance of the houses erected by its inhabitants; but, as the last-quoted writer states, "the real value of a country must be weighed in scales more delicate than the balance of trade," and we must not confuse huge and great.

And yet I venture to say that unless the intellectual sense of the nation is quickened, the progress of science in its theory and also in its practical applications will not be free, and consequently the material successes will not be so great; while, reasoning conversely, the increase of wealth means an increase of power and of leisure to engage more in the improvement of the mind. Without culture the blessings of wealth become a curse to the possessor. We believe with the Citizen of the World that "The refined pleasure of growing every day wiser, is a sufficient recompense for every inconvenience," and his was a noble aim when he said: "The chief business of my life has been to procure wisdom, and the chief object of that wisdom was to be happy"; though it is possible that he might have added an object equally worthy, namely, *to be useful.* But when science intervenes and removes many of those inconveniences, our power of acquiring wisdom is very greatly enhanced.

Surely one of the strongest proofs of the advancement of science, though I have not mentioned it above, is the fact that it has added, or extended and strengthened many of the cords of human brotherhood. The old days of knighthood are gone

> "When every morning brought a noble chance,
> And every chance brought out a noble knight,"

but along with them went an almost endless system of servitude. *Then,* an immense amount of time was taken in acquiring the ability to knock a fellowman off his charger and perhaps kill him; *now,* the plan of butchery has been systematized by the invention of gunpowder, and all men, given a rifle apiece, are practically equal. Again, the invention of the art of printing has given all an equal chance of learning whatever has been known, and of becoming as wise as his fellow. The introduction of the steam-engine has completely abolished the old expensive

stage-coach, and now the poor man has every opportunity to travel. The electric telegraph has wound its tendrils about old mother earth many times, and extends to almost every hamlet in our land, thus allowing inter-communication to be made in a few minutes. The telephone, our latest-born convenience, gives us permission to carry on conversation with our friends, even though many miles away. Truly these great wonders of our age have have demonstrated that we are all one family upon the earth. The telegraph and telephone are but *two* of the triumphs of electricity, the uses of which are extending every day. When the transmission of electric energy has been improved, we shall be able to transfer the ceaseless and exhaustless energy of nature's laboratories to every part of the land; and thus, in whatever part of the country we may be placed, whether gathering the products of the farm, the forest, or the mine, adequate power, at comparatively low cost, shall be placed within our hands. By means of the electric light our streets are made nearly as bright as noonday, and it is almost as safe to walk out at 2 a.m. as at 2 p.m.

Another remarkable fact of our time is that the modern scientific critical spirit has permeated all recent thought. It has left its impress upon every branch of literature, it has entered the palaces of art, and has penetrated into the very inmost and sacred depths of religious belief. There should be a careful equilibrium between poetry and science; and, in the opinion of some, literature and the humanities have been somewhat overbalanced in recent years. When the great wave of science rolled over the civilized world, the sea of religious thought was very much tossed about, and indeed, some frail crafts faltered and some were overthrown. Many felt their hearts sink within them as the storm burst upon them, but I cannot but think that the result will be another mark of advancement. With fear and trembling we place the trusted beliefs of centuries within the crucible; the dross that has gathered about them may be consumed, but the silvery truth must in the end shine forth with still greater refulgence. Whatever is honourable and just and true will be able to stand more than the intensest heat of a blow-pipe flame or the sharpest scalpel of the anatomist. If that whereon we build crumbles before the test, we must seek some stronger, some adamantine foundation, upon which to erect our edifice. Our duty plainly is to follow truth, though it lead upon the precipice's edge.

Of course, science has had many critics. Some of her fundamental hypotheses have been declared contradictory or unthinkable. The scientist has been accused of pursuing only the shadows of things and of dulling his senses to the reality of them when he "tries to bottle up the pure atmosphere of heaven, and then shuts himself in a gas-reeking, ill-ventilated laboratory while he tries to analyze it." Indeed, it may be true that we have paid too exclusive attention to the purely visible side of phenomena, for certain it is that

> "We see but half the causes of our deeds
> Seeking them wholly in the outer life."

We sometimes become too dogmatic. We apply the laws of mechanics, and are absolutely certain that the results we reach must be correct from the hypotheses with which we start. But they are only hypotheses, and there is yet a mighty mystery in matter. It behoves us to be ever slow and careful, seeing how ignorant we are of the very substances which we handle every day.

Science certainly has her faults; there are holes in her armour, but her progress throughout has been a march of triumph, a vindication that

> "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils Himself in many ways."

She has received many attacks, and the discovery of the weak points of her harness has led to further strengthening for the coming work. There is no doubt whatever, in my mind, that the moving forward of science has always been accompanied by the onward march of the human race. Her various footprints constitute

> "The great dial-hand
> That marks the destined progress of the world,
> In the eternal round from wisdom on
> To higher wisdom."

TORONTO, Ont.

THE NEW YEAR AT THE GATE.

MARY B. BURNETT.

THE New Year stands at an open gate,
And the eyes of my soul are blind;
Oh! just for a moment let me wait,
For the old road lies behind!

Let me remember, while I can trace
The steps on the wandering track;
Let me say "Farewell!" for a moment's space,
I shall never, never go back.

Let me look forward and humbly pray,
Ere the gate shall be closed behind;
How can I tell on the unknown way
What sorrow or joy I may find?

There's the New Year's chime! Be glad and bold;
There is light on the other side;
Go through, remember the promise old;
Go through, for the portal is wide.

GOD'S WORK A CAUSE OF REJOICING.

BY DR. DOUGLAS.

"For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work. I will triumph in the works of Thine hands."—Psa. xcii. 4.

Of all projections of thoughts, of artistic skill, of creative genius, the most unchanging in form and duration is that of poetry. The Song of the Vedas, the Iliad of Homer, the Tales of Chaucer, these have travelled down to us from the remote antiquities, and still their eye is undimmed and their natural strength unabated. They fling defiance in the face of time, and hold a divinity within them which ages can never destroy. What is the secret of this power? Manifestly because it crystallizes thought into the rallying cries of liberty, into instincts of deepest affection and ideals of beauty which ascend to the Divine, into that which our heart declares shall never die. Seldom has the world witnessed a finer illustration of all this than in the psalms of David. Hoary with age, crowned with youth, they come to us to-day with songs: songs pathetic and tender with tears, songs that breathe sweetest Divinity, songs of comfort, songs of triumph, of empire and of victory, songs that strike every note in the scale of possible experience from joy to remorse, psalms expressing God's great heart to the Church through all ages and generations. Our text is one of these thoughts, and the expression of the psalmist's faith. True, forever true. I do not propose to subject the text to an analysis, but wish to ask the prayerful attention of all Christians, and especially of Christian ministers to God's work as a cause of rejoicing. Works of God—works of Nature. It is the method of anti-Christian science to begin with the atom, and by a natural evolution advance to the atheistic and ultimate negation of all intelligent design.

The method of Christian science is to begin with an intelligence that thinks, and trace His handiwork down to the atom. In this material universe we have matter unorganized, matter organized into life, and ascending to matter in alliance with intelligence. Take matter inanimate and test in many ways; fuse it, dissolve it, etc., then analyze it until you reach its ultimate atoms; you have law and force, laws of elective affinity leading these atoms to build up in forms of crystalline beauty, into those granite heights that stand as ministers of sublimity to man—up to those flaming suns and systems that swing in the rounds of the universe, saying, "The hand that made us is divine."

Matter organized into life. All seeds hold a germinating power; let one be deposited in the soil, it wakes and it reaches out and appropriates, it transmutes the elements of the soil, it builds

its cylinder, it pushes its way, it invokes the aid of light and heat, the leaves are formed in their hues and curves, it blossoms in the bud and damasks in the rose, goldens in the fruit, diffusing its perfume all around. Before this the profoundest science and highest art uncover their head and acknowledge that the builder and the maker is God. Then take life as displayed in the wondrous optics of the eye, the engine of the human heart, the thrill of the nerve, the fine frenzy of human nature, all the beauty of manhood, which becomes the dwelling place of an intelligence that uncovers the very thinkings of God. What proof of the labours of a great thinker and worker who delights in beauty, who adjusts nature for enjoyment, who manipulates the universe that righteousness may prevail! How enkindling the thought, the hand of God is in it all! Ye ministers, young ministers, study the phenomena of nature, that you may hold it up as a mirror, that those who hear you may triumph in the works of God's almighty hand.

Works of God—works of Revelation. What grandeur pertains to it! Like a beautiful temple which has been going up through the ages, with many a niche and oriel, its two portals face the two eternities. Out of the eternity of the past you enter by the door of Genesis, and out of the Apocalypse of Revelation you march into the eternity of the future. While ascending the altar steps you climb to the very mystic rites of Godhead itself. How commanding the Providence of its Divinity! Look at it as an intellectual and progressive force! It has gone before civilization! Since this truth has been given what changes have taken place! Instead of the frail bark skirting the Levantine shore, we have the mighty Leviathan steering by the stars! Instead of the courier we have the telephone, by which the human voice shall yet be heard around the world! Instead of the dromedaries of Media and Ephah, the thunders of the lightning express! Instead of the labours of the weary scribe we have the printing press, multiplying by its ten millions of copies! Instead of the shifting tent of the Arab the colossal city and the towering palace!

Liberty unrolls her charter, Religion builds her temples wherever the influence of Revelation prevails. Still she holds aloft her banner with "Excelsior," and cries to the nineteenth century, "not as though you had already attained either were already perfect." It leads the way to the infinite! It gives us ideas of God! Tell me can the finite thought thus lead the age into a knowledge of the Divine in the future? Then with this intellectual quickening there is the universality of its adaptation. It is the light of the world! How light shines! It tips the mountain tops, shines in the valleys, spreads over the plains, gilds the domes of mighty cities, cheers the weary watcher who looks for the morning, looks in upon the prisoner in his cell. It forgets no blade of grass, it smiles on and blesses us with the universality of fitness, challenges science and bids her search the strata or scan the stars and find if there can be a better God than ours. It

meets all wants, it goes out into a far country, and standing amid the corruption of the grave it points to a morn of Revelation, the immortelles of which can never die. It lifts up its beckoning finger and points to the possibility of an uttermost salvation Divine. It pierces to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.

Oh, the depths of that darkness of Gethsemane of sorrow, into which you and I may have to go! Oh, the depth of the cry, "My God, my God!" When Dr. Punshon was dying, a friend of mine was commissioned to go and ask the prayers of Mr. Spurgeon's congregation. Mr. Spurgeon said, "Is the Doctor depressed and overwhelmed? Tell him that I, too, have been in the depths of sorrow, and pain and darkness, but there is no depth where the light of God does not shine."

A sufferer in a London hospital for incurables, fifty years of age, who had been an intense sufferer from birth, but had patiently borne those sufferings, said to a sympathizing visitor, "I would not have it otherwise, for the promises sustain." Principles of Plato, of philosophy, of wisdom, of dramatic power, of deep induction, of Baconian research, can you crown despair with hope, or cheer the desolated when age fails, or childhood bows its head in death and sorrow reigns?

Nameless shall be the men who seek to destroy our confidence in this word of God—men who in arrogant assumption dare to insinuate that the intelligence of the age needs another and a better Bible. Go gather into one symposium the wisdom of the world, bring learning with its lore, poetry with its beauty, philosophy, reverence and piety of the ages. Can these produce a better Bible? one that will dry up the widow's tears, proclaim a better immortality? The heavens laugh, the earth responds and the universe cries out in derision, and we say:

> Should all the forms that men devise
> Assault my faith with treacherous art,
> I'd call them vanity and LIES,
> And bid the gospel to my heart.

Works of God—works of the person of Christ, the upbuilding of Christ, God's grandest work. His name shall be called Wonderful. In Jesus, God hath gathered all things together of matter and of mind. We have in the universe a sixfold life, the vegetable that grows, the animal that feels, the intellectual that thinks, the emotional that thrills, the moral that oscillates between right and wrong, the spiritual that ascends towards God. Every form of life is thus garnered into one, and now behold the infinite personality of the Son, stooping and lifting up and taking it into an eternal union with Himself, the centre and mediator of the universe. All things are gathered together in Him.

> "O wondrous knowledge, deep and high,
> Where can the creature hide."

In a cathedral in Rome there is a wonderful picture by Guido. Looked upon from below, the fresco is dim and nebulous, but beneath the picture near the floor, there is a mirror, in which as you gaze you can trace every line of beauty. Looking up all is dim and distant, looking down all is distinct and near. Thus as we look upwards "no man hath seen God at any time," but as we look down, "the only begotten of the Father hath declared Him."

It is the image of God that dominates the ages, reaching out influences at this hour that will transform men into the likeness of Jesus. What are miracles to Him? to have the water blush into wine, that the sea is hushed, that leprosy and paralysis flee at His presence? Who can doubt the plenitude of that saving ability which travelling in the greatness of His strength in this hour is mighty to save. If you would see the dignity and perils of that work, you must stand beneath the shadow of the cross. What must have been the necessity! Special theories of the atonement, get you hence! In Jesus I see a being who lived and died that He might tell the world the love of God.

I see a being who built the altar and died upon it, that He might issue a royal proclamation from God the Father to every one of the race, and that is my proclamation to you to-day.

I may perhaps be told that this world is but as a grain of sand in the universe, too utterly insignificant to be the theatre of an incarnation. Let us never forget that God often dignifies the insignificant. The thunders that shook the papacy came not from the centre of population, but from an insignificant miry village on the Rhine. Our world may be poor and contemptible, but God hath glorified it, hath made this world a mystery, engaging the attention of the angels. The resurrection of the Son of God bids defiance to the forces of death, and the everlasting gates were opened into which He entered, leaving a shining track on which you and I may, in pardon and peace, pilgrimage, as we do this day to the skies. Oh, the mystery of God's works to man, who hath glorified the world by the gift of His Son. "Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work, I will triumph in the works of thine hands." My dear brethren, never be beguiled away from Jesus. Take your stand by the cross and say, "Happy if with my last breath, I may but gasp His name."

Works of God—work of the Spirit. It is never to be forgotton that if the Son of God is the organ of Divine manifestations, the Spirit of God is the organ of Divine execution. What was creation? Thou renewest the face of the earth. No sooner were the hills formed than a higher manifestation of God was proposed. God had created matter, and as thought is antecedent to action, I might say a new thought entered the Divine mind. I will tabernacle spirit in flesh and create (although I don't like the term) a physico-spiritual being, who can shed on his Creator the heart's extremest love, orginally intended for fellowship and eternal beatitude. I need not tell you of the apostacy of the race. In living epistles around us, it is written within and without, with mourning, and lamentation and woe, who say, "By whom shall

Jacob arise and Israel be lifted up?" If we accept the New England teaching, we would accept the gospel of culture, which proposes a self-regeneration. Independent of God and the Holy Ghost, it can never be accomplished.

The soul is man's empire, into which none can enter, save the Spirit of God, without man's permission. When God flashes His light into the soul, all is changed—the ragged prodigal is robed, and songed; amidst the *jubilate* of rejoicing God is templed in the heart in a grander than pantheistic sense.

> "The Spirit answers to the blood,
> And tells me I am born of God."

Every feature of our manhood is made beautiful by the outshadowing of holiness. When the fiery John was changed, it was more than that, it gave Jesus a beloved disciple, John a new life. It gave to the ages and the eternities, the inspiration that comes from His life and His writings. When Wesley and Whitefield commenced their work, they started a work which has been projecting an influence down the ages and gathering uncounted millions into the Church. There is not a person before me who not the centre of a circle ever widening, but which will never touch the shore. We bow our heads as we think of the power of influence—work of God—the Spirit's work. What takes my heart and yours, too, is the condescending of the Spirit to the lowest condition. A strong-minded New England mother determined that her boy should form his own religious opinions, and that the name of Jesus should not be mentioned in his hearing. That boy sickened and lay dying; with breaking heart she hung over her boy, when he said, "Mother, what country is that I see beyond the high mountains yonder?" "There are no high mountains, my son." But with appealing cry, he said, "Won't you help me, mother?" She said she could not, and asked him, "Is it heaven?" He said, "Oh, yes, it is heaven; oh, who will help me over the high mountains to that beautiful country?" But soon he said, "Don't fear, mother, the strong man has come to carry me over the high mountains." Who helped the boy but Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me?"

"For thou, God, hast made me glad through thy works." Ye ministers of God, become as eloquent and as learned as you can, but be as holy as you can. This age needs a testimony that there is a God. The work of providential development in the Church. No work more worthy than to trace God's work in providence, I need not stop to talk of Egypt or of Babylon, but look for a moment for footsteps of God in post-advent history of the Church. When God built up the Greek language and fixed it in the universe forever, when God would break down the heathen civilization of Rome, He raised the Goths and Huns by an inspiration unexplained, and the highways Rome had built were used to spread the Gospel through the earth. When He destroyed the mediæval feudalism, the watchword that waked the enthusiasm was the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre from the infidel. He impelled

a Columbus and a Cartier in their discoveries, and now when distance is being annihilated who can doubt that God is at the helm guiding the race to the ultimate consummation of the Church? What shall be the result? One song shall be sung, "Worthy is the Lamb"—"For thou, Lord, hast made me to rejoice in thy work."

Work of God in consummation. Out of all the symbols there are few that give us clear ideas of consummation. Thanks be to God for His dwelling place. God hath prepared for us a city. The grandest production of man are cities. Calcutta on the Ganges, Stamboul on the Bosphorus, Florence on the Arno, Rome on the Tiber, Paris on the Seine, London on the Thames, are the golden gateways of the world. In them we have the gathering of all that the world can produce for the physical and mental development of man. What shall be said of the city God has made? Those passages which describe it are said to be as if they fell from the sky, fragments of the jasper wall which flash before our eyes with a blinding effulgence, but they do not tell us too much of that place. But God's provision for our great future transcends our imaginings. The cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces will be there, but the grandeur of that place will be the Lamb in the midst of the throne. Blissful will be the delight of that place. Shades of the departed: come back—but no! we need you not. There we shall hunger no more; neither thirst any more; die no more; there shall be no more pain. The throne of God shall be there, and they shall reign with Him forever with the Captain of our Salvation, whose highest honours are the Resurrection and the Life. We commit our souls and bodies—yes, our bodies into His hands in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. We shall dwell in the city of the seraphim and of our God forever. We will join once again in singing, "Thou hast made me glad through Thy work."

Dear brethren, what are you doing? What are you but workers together with God? What are you going to do, temple builders of humanity, whose turreted heights shall reach high as human hopes, whose gorgeous towers shall excel all that the boundless imagination can conceive—where the voice of melody shall sing out throughout the glad forever. Come and consecrate yourself once again to God. March against the foe moved with the heroism of the great apostle: "None of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto me." May it be ours to be forever "glad in His work and to triumph in the work of His hands."

I COUNT this thing to be grandly true;
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from its common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

—*J. G. Holland.*

LAST WORDS.*

Never before have the posthumous poems of two such sweet singers come simultaneously from the press. They speak to our hearts with a power and pathos beyond that of the living voice, and make us exclaim:

> "O for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still."

Tennyson's last poems exhibit the same charming melody, the same *curiosa felicitas* of words, the same noble and lofty sentiment which characterize his prime. "The Death of Œnone," in form and matter, is a worthy sequel to the "Œnone" of his early years. "St. Telemachus" reminds us of his fine study of the early anchorets in that wonderful poem, "Saint Simeon Stylites." But the consecration of the monk, who at the cost of his life, put an end forever to the human sacrifices of the arena, is of a nobler type than the selfish asceticism of the pillar saints. The monk, Telemachus, a man who never changed a word with man, heard a summons:

> Wake, thou deedless dreamer, lazying out a life
> Of self-suppression, not of selfless love.

He was not disobedient to the heavenly vision, but followed the voice, and in his heart he cried, "the call of God!" Footsore and weary, he followed a hundred sunsets and reached at length the pagan city of Rome:

> With shameless laughter, pagan oath and jest,
> Hard Romans brawling of their monstrous games.

He stumbled into the colosseum where were row upon row of spectators. Twice eighty thousand hungry eyes gazed down upon the inhuman encounter on the gory sands. A sudden strength from heaven came upon him. He leaped the barrier and flung himself between

> The gladiatorial swords, and called, 'Forbear,
> In the great name of Him who died for man,
> Christ Jesus!'

The rage of the multitude, balked of their prey, broke out

> In one deep roar as of a breaking sea,
> And then a shower of stones that stoned him dead,
> And then once more a silence as of death.
> His dream became a deed that woke the world,
> For while the frantic rabble in half-amaze

*The Death of Œnone, Akbar's Dream, and other poems, by the late Alfred Lord Tennyson. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.25.

At Sundown, by John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.50.

Stared at him dead, thro' all the nobler hearts
In that vast oval ran a shudder of shame.
The baths, the forum gabbled of his death,
And preachers lingered o'er his dying words,
Which would not die, but echoed on to reach
Honorius, till he heard them, and decreed
That Rome no more should wallow in this old lust
Of paganism, and make her festal hour
Dark with the blood of man who murder'd man.

"Akbar's Dream" has many noble sentiments, and shows the appreciation of the great reforming Mogul Emperor of the sixteenth century of the sublime teaching of Christianity. "The Bandit's Death" is a painful story of cruel wrong and cruel revenge. The noble poem of "Charity" is one of scarce less cruel wrong, but of the nobler magnanimity of Christian forgiveness:

She died of a fever caught when a nurse in a hospital ward,
She is high in the heaven of heavens, she is face to face with her Lord.

"The Dawn" is a prophecy of a better day coming to our world, weary of waiting for the healing of its woes. There is a pessimistic note, however, in the poet's long postponement of that better day:

Red of the dawn!
Is it turning a fainter red? So be it, but when shall we lay
The ghost of the brute that is walking and haunting us yet, and be free?
In a hundred, a thousand winters? Ah, what will *our* children be,
The men of a hundred thousand, a million summers away?

A more hopeful and truer prophecy of the future is that in "The Making of Man."

All about him shadow still, but, while the races flower and fade,
Prophet-eyes may catch a glory slowly gaining on the shade,
Till the peoples all are one, and all their voices blend in choric
Hallelujah to the Maker, "It is finished, Man is made."

This genial optimism sounds more clearly in the poem of "The Dreamer:"

The reign of the meek upon earth, O weary one, has it begun?
But all's well that ends well, whirl, and follow the sun!

For moans will have grown sphere-music or ever your race be run!
And all's well that ends well, whirl, and follow the sun!

Mechanophilus, in the time of the first railways, says:

As we surpass our fathers' skill, our sons will shame our own;
A thousand things are hidden still and not a hundred known.

And had some prophet spoken true of all we shall achieve,
The wonders were so wildly new that no man would believe.

Meanwhile, my brothers, work, and wield the forces of to-day,
And plough the present like a field, and garner all you may!

You, what the cultured surface grows, dispense with careful hands ;
Deep under deep forever goes, heaven over heaven expands.

In this volume the stirring "Riflemen Form," which rang out like a bugle blast thirty years ago, is repeated. Though shrinking from publicity and leading a sequestered life, our master-singer was no cynical misanthrope, but a genial lover of his kind. This feeling is well voiced in the words :

O, well for him who finds a friend, or makes a friend where'er he come,
And loves the world from end to end, and wanders on from home to home !
I count you kind, I hold you true ; but what may follow who can tell ?
Give me a hand—and you—and you—and deem me grateful and farewell !

The touching poem, "Silent Voices," dictated a few days before his own voice sank into silence forever, has a pathetic and prophetic significance. The death of the Duke of Clarence calls forth this tender tribute to the mourners at his grave :

Yet be comforted ;
For if this earth be ruled by perfect love,
Then, after his brief range of blameless days,
The toll of funeral in an angel ear
Sounds happier than the merriest marriage bell."

The dialect poem of "The Church Warden and the Curate" has been criticised as casting a slur upon the cherished practice of a Nonconformist church. This strikes us as very absurd. The bigotry of the dull-witted church-warden can no more reflect on the Baptist Church which he had forsaken, than it can on the church of which he became a pillar, and the reason for whose existence he seems to think is to give occasion for the existence of church-wardens.

Well—sin ther beä church-wardens, ther mun be parsons an' all.
An' if t'one stick alongside t'uther the church weänt happen a fall.

The pig-headed humour of the doughty warden is very funny :

Fur I wur a Baptis' wonst, an' ageän the toithe an' the raäte,
Till I fun that it warn't not the gaäinist waäy to the narra gaäte.
An' I can't abear 'em, I can't, fur a lot on 'em coom'd—to year
I wur down wi' the rheumatis then—to *my* pond to wesh thessens theere—
Sa I sticks like the iven [ivy] as long as I lives, to the owd church now,
Fur they weshed their sins i' *my* pond, an' I doubts they poison'd the cow.

Now I'll gie tha a bit o' my mind, an' tha weänt be taäkin' offence,
Fur thou be a big scholard now wi' a hoondred haäcre o' sense—
But sich an obstropulous lad—naay, naay—fur I minds tha sa well,
Tha'd niver not hopple thy tongue, an' the tongue's set afire o' hell,
As I says to my missis to-daäy, when she hurled a plaäte at the cat
An' anoother ageän my noäse. Ye was niver sa bad as that. . . . .

An' parson 'e 'ears on it all, an' then taäkes kindly to me,
An' then I wur chose church-warden, an' coom'd to the top o' the tree,
Fur Quoloty's hall my friends, an' they maakes ma a help to the poor,
When I get's the plaäte fuller o' Sundays nor any church-warden afoor.
Fur if iver thy feyther 'ed riled me I kep' mysen meäk as a lamb,
An' saw by the graäce o' the Lord, Mr. Harry, I ham wot I ham.

But parson 'e *will* speak out, saw, now 'e be sixty-seven,
He'll niver swap Owlby an' Scratby fur owt but the kingdom o' heaven,
An' thou'll be 'is curate 'ere, but, if iver tha means to git 'igher,
Tha mun tackle the sins o' the wo'ld, an' not the faults o' the squire.
An' I reckons tha'll light of a livin' somewheers i' the wowd [wold] or the fen,
If tha cottons down to thy betters, an' keeäps thysen to thysen.

But niver not speak plain out, if tha wants to git forrards a bit,
But creeäp along the hedge-bottoms, an' thou'll be a bishop yit.
Naäy, but thou *mun* speak hout to the Baptists here i' the town,
Fur moäst on 'em talks agin toithe, an' I'd like tha to preach 'em down,
Fur *they've* been a-preachin' mea down, they heve, an' I haätes 'em now,
Fur they leaved their nasty sins i' *my* pond, an' it poison'd the cow.

It is idle to compare or contrast the cultured English singer and the woodland warbler of New England. Their minds were of a different cast; they lived on different planes; they followed different ideals. Yet in the supreme quality of moral earnestness, the Quaker bard we judge superior to the royal laureate. As knightly a soul as any of King Arthur's chivalry was the shoemaker's apprentice of Amesbury, who "rode abroad redressing human wrongs," and gave the best years of his life to fighting the battles of the unfriended Slave.

This little sheaf of his last poems is of tender and pathetic interest. Whittier's closing hours, to use his own words, were as "when one watches the warm, sweet day lapse tenderly away." These sundown verses are like the afterglow that lingers upon the sky when the sun has sunk beneath the horizon; not, as he was firmly assured, to be extinguished in night, but to shine in an eternal morning land. The poet's genial optimism is seen in his "Burning Driftwood," a very much more cheerful poem than Longfellow's on a similar theme:

O ships of mine, whose swift keels cleft
The enchanted sea on which they sailed,
Are these poor fragments only left
Of vain desires and hopes that failed? . . . .

And of my ventures those alone
Which Love had freighted, safely sped,
Seeking a good beyond my own,
By clear-eyed Duty piloted. . .

Whatever perished with my ships,
I only know the best remains;
A song of praise is on my lips
For losses that are now my gains.

And holier signs unmarked before,
Of Love to seek and Power to save,
The righting of the wronged and poor,
The man evolving from the slave;
And life, no longer chance or fate,
Safe in the gracious Fatherhood.
I fold o'er-wearied hands and wait,
In full assurance of the good.

And well the waiting time must be,
Though brief or long its granted days,
If Faith and Hope and Charity
Sit by my evening hearth-fire's blaze.

I know the solemn monotone
Of waters calling unto me;
I know from whence the airs have blown,
That whisper of the eternal sea.

As low my fires of driftwood burn,
I hear that sea's deep sounds increase,
And, fair in sunset light, discern
Its mirage-lifted isles of peace.

Noble words are these by the venerable saint and sage, lingering long after his eightieth year, for the muffled oar of his funeral bark.

The volume contains also the fine poem of "The Captain's Well," tributes to Lowell, and two fine greetings to his brother-poet, Holmes, on his eightieth and eighty-third birthdays. The following is the homage of the New England poet to the great English bard of "Paradise Lost," on the memorial window, in St. Margaret's Church, England, the gift of George W. Childs, of America:

> The New World honours him whose lofty plea
> For England's freedom made her own more sure,
> Whose song, immortal as its theme, shall be
> Their common freehold while both worlds endure.

From the poem, "Between the Gates," we quote the words of a pilgrim almost crossing the threshold. Speaking of the Spirit's guidance, he says:

> Make thou that holy Guide thine own,
> And following where He leads the way,
> The known shall lapse in the unknown
> As twilight into day.
>
> The best of earth shall still remain,
> The heaven's eternal years shall prove
> That life and death, and joy and pain,
> Are ministers of Love."

The last words of the volume are words of noble hope and trust:

> Thou shouldst be here, or I should be with thee
> Wherever thou mayst be,
> Lips mute, hands clasped, in silences of speech,
> Each answering unto each.
>
> For this still hour, this sense of mystery far
> Beyond the evening star,
> No words outworn suffice on lip or scroll:
> The soul would fain with soul
>
> Wait, while these few swift-passing days fulfil
> The wise-disposing will,
> And, in the evening as at morning, trust
> The All-Merciful and Just.
>
> The solemn joy that soul-communion feels
> Immortal life reveals;
> And human love, its prophecy and sign,
> Interprets love divine.
>
> Come, then, in thought, if that alone may be,
> O friend! and bring with thee
> Thy calm assurance of transcendent spheres,
> And the Eternal Years!"

The beautiful setting of these poems, in their gold and vellum binding, with the exquisite photogravure portrait and illustrations are worthy of the noble sentiments they express.

> Dear hearts are here, dear hearts are
> There, alike below, above;
> Our friends are now in either world, and
> Love is sure of love.
>
> —*Whittier.*

"OWD MO."

BY THE REV. JOHN M'LEAN, PH.D.

A LARGE, coloured placard upon a church gate, announcing that "Owd Mo, the Converted Collier and Dog-runner," would hold a special service in the schoolroom, induced me to attend and listen to the experiences of this strange character. Before the hour for service I went toward the place of meeting and saw a large concourse of people standing in front of a *Joyful News* van, belonging to the *Joyful News* Mission, and owned by Rev. Thomas Champness, of Rochdale. This Gospel Car was filled with Bibles, books and tracts, which were being sold by a young man during the absence of the manager of the van, who was none other than Old Moses, better known amongst the people in the Lancashire dialect as "Owd Mo." The outside of the van was covered with texts of Scripture, and religious phrases. Besides selling books, the young man was preaching to the people and urging them to attend the service in the building close at hand.

It was a motley crowd of people, old and young, ragged and well dressed. The halt and the maimed seemed to be there, and they listened attentively to the words of the young evangelist. The outdoor service closed, and I made my way to the schoolroom. "Owd Mo" entered and the people gazed upon him with much interest. "He was a rough character," said one. "I have known him when he used to fight and drink," said another. Nothing eventful happened during the opening exercises. There was hearty singing, an earnest prayer, and numerous ejaculations from the lips of devout worshippers. He read the fourth chapter of the Second Book of Kings, commenting freely in his Lancashire dialect, which was difficult to understand. As he spoke with great earnestness and used homely illustrations taken from the every-day life of the people, some of them from the experiences of his own life before he became a preacher, the people showed their hearty appreciation of his mother-wit and piety by shouting and laughing.

He said the story of Nabal would not have been in the Bible if he had not been in the company of David, for Nabal was a fool. Nabal had a good wife, and it is a wonder how some people get good wives. Some young women look out for five shilling husbands, with a walking-stick in their hands and a penny cigar in their mouths. With a swing of his arm he shouted, "Some people talks about being elected. Well, I thanks God I'm elected. No Liberal or Conservative would have voted for me; but God voted for me, and I'm elected. And God elects every man who comes to Him for the forgiveness of sin."

He told a thrilling story of the salvation of a poor harlot at one of his meetings in Liverpool, in connection with the Rev. Charles Garrett's mission. Then quickly followed the story of a

rough man who was converted and bought a bundle of Bibles to help his friends. Before his conversion he sold beer; after his conversion he bought Bibles and hymn-books. Addressing the younger portion of the assembly he spoke tenderly: "Boys and girls, honour your father and mother. If I could undo all I have done against my mother, I would cut off my both ears, and that with a dull knife, too."

Being invited to spend an hour with him, I went to the house of a friend, and over a cup of tea listened to some of his experiences. He was born in a public-house, and when quite a lad became an adept at gambling and horse-racing. He became the companion of dog-men, and was known as a dog-runner who owned a dog that challenged the world. Betting, fighting, horse-racing, dog-running and drinking, he freely indulged in, and never did he seem happier than when he was engaged in a drunken brawl. Upon one occasion, having been challenged to fight by a man with one arm, he accepted, and, to make them equal, Old Moses had one arm tied behind his back. The one-armed man was an expert, and, with a blow from his powerful arm, he knocked out four of "Mo's" teeth, and made a hole in his cheek. As a consequence of this fight he had to be fed through a quill for three weeks. He was a fast runner and a good dog-trainer, spending most of his time pigeon-flying, dog-training, and training men to run. At one of his famous dog-races, a publican gave him some mincemeat, and liquor to drink, as if he were a friend, to help "Owd Mo" and his dog to win the race, but this man had backed the other dog, and was no friend to Moses. "Owd Mo" gave some to his dog and drank some himself, the dog soon died from the effects of the poison which the bottle contained, and his master would also have died had not some one got an antidote.

Once he was cast into prison and was bound over to keep the peace, and his wife travelled among her friends to find a surety for him, but in vain. As she walked along the road a farmer witnessed her sorrow, and upon enquiring the cause listened with interest to her sad tale. He went to the court and became surety for him, and when asked if he knew the character of the man, he replied that he was satisfied, for he had a son who had gone astray, and he hoped that somebody might have compassion on *him*.

As Moses worked in the mine, he was badly burned by an explosion, and was compelled to keep his bed for several weeks, but although he determined to mend his ways, so strong was his craving for drink, that so soon as he could crawl out of doors, with a blanket over his shoulders, he went to the tavern for drink.

Some energetic Methodists of Farnworth, in Lancashire, were holding a series of special outdoor services in the vicinity of a tavern which was a noted place of resort for Moses and his companions, and amongst the speakers was Ned Hargreaves, a famous wrestler, who had forsaken his former ways and become a true servant of Christ. Moses stood and listened attentively to the words of Hargreaves and others, and in his tattered garments, in a half-drunken condition, he put his arm into that of the noted wrestler as the company sang, "What a Friend we have in Jesus."

They entreated him to accompany them to another place of meeting, but he had a man whom he was training for a race, and he would not go with them. In a few days Moses and his man had won the race and then there followed a drunken carousal. Upon the next Sunday the evangelistic workers were engaged in a similar outdoor service, when Moses, crestfallen and angry, stood close by. Upon that morning he had been flying pigeons, and had lost his wager. Conviction came to his soul, and he said, amid the oaths and scoffs of his companions, "Chaps! I'm bound to start afresh!" He joined the company, and not long afterward found peace to his soul. The people were astonished and predicted failure. Even the policeman said, "What! you have caught 'Mo'! He'll disgrace you all!" Such was the universal opinion, except among the few who had gathered around him to pray with him and to cheer him.

He began to work hard, put aside drink, pigeons and dogs, got his clothes from the pawnshop, and soon his wife and children were well-dressed. The Rev. Thomas Champness soon found him to be a man of wit and energy, a modern son of thunder, and at once he enlisted him on behalf of evangelistic work. He began to tell in his Lancashire dialect the story of his conversion, and the people laughed and wept.

Crowds were drawn to listen, and many who came to scoff remained to pray. He was put in charge of a *Joyful News* van, and he commenced his perambulations through the country, preaching and selling religious books. In the homes of the sick and poor he has performed a wonderful work.

It was in September, 1881, that he gave his heart to the Lord, and from that period to the present he has been "in labours more abundant." As he was travelling with his van, an aged clergyman of the Church of England urged him to sell his books among the people, being assured that they would produce in them noble thoughts and lives.

He parted with a blessing from the aged minister upon his work, and was proceeding on his way when a young clergyman overtook the van and entered into conversation with its manager. Learning his business, the minister said to him:

"Do you not know that you are in my parish?"

"No! I didn't know that. How large is your parish?"

"It is nine miles east and west, and twelve miles north and south."

"Oh! Well my parish begins at Newcastle and I am now going to Sheffield, and how far I shall go after that the Lord Himself knows, for I don't; but it seems to me you have made a mistake, for you are in my parish! Good day!"

An opponent to Christian truth, passing "Owd Mo's" stand, said, "I would as soon see the devil as a Bible van!" "Thee keep on as thou art going, and thou will see him," was the curt reply of the witty preacher.

A half-drunken fishmonger interrupted Moses with his cries as on a Sunday the evangelist was preaching, and, with his basket of oysters upon his arm which he was trying to sell to the crowd,

he drew near and shouted, "What's the root of all evil?" "Selling oysters on a Sunday, and going to the public with the money!" quickly responded Old Moses. The scoffer was silenced, the crowd amused and quiet restored.

At one of his meetings he found three men deeply interested listeners, and he learned that there were four companions who resided in one house. Calling at the house one day he found the three men at the door, and he said:

"I thought you told me there were four of you living here?" "An' I told you right!"

"Where is the other man?" "He's in bed!"

"Is he sick?" enquired Moses. "Oh! no. You see, sir, there are only three suits of clothes among us, and it is his turn to stay in bed!"

"Shall I see you at meeting on Sunday?" "Oh, no! The other fellows can go, but it's my turn to stay in bed!"

Moses promised the men another suit of clothes, and left them rejoicing at their good fortune.

May blessings rest upon this faithful man who is doing God's work in his own sphere, and is meeting with great success. He is a powerful man, who employs his energy in the service of truth. His humour draws the Lancashire crowds, and amongst the colliers he does much good. Saturday night around his van there is always an interesting scene, when housewives and maidens, old men and young, having quitted the mine, the factory and the foundry, repairing to the busy haunts of the town, the square, or the market to make their purchases, or feast their eyes, gather for a few moments to listen to this brave preacher, and then, retiring, they carry with them resolves for the coming days. Earnest, sympathetic and humorous, may he long be spared to do valiant service for the great Master of life.

Port Arthur, Ont.

TO HIS MAJESTY, 1893.—ALL HAIL!

Upon our threshold, one doth stately stand,
In ermined-robe, and bearing, nobly proud,
A kingly form! For lo! In spotless shroud
Time hath his sire, into the shadowy land
Conveyed, and given the sun supreme command
O'er day and night, o'er seasons, sunshine, cloud!
What wonder then with power like this endowed,
He comes with mien so calm, majestic, grand!

What destinies of life and death he holds!
The weal or woe of thousands, now he moulds!
For you, for me, what changes he may bring,
This mighty monarch, this Time-wielding King.
But bid him hail, all hail! (A truce to fear!)
The while we wish to each, "A glad New Year!"

THE LIFE CRUISE OF CAPTAIN BESS ADAMS.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER I.—THE BEGINNING OF THE CRUISE.

"The soul that rises in us like a star."

"WELL, mate," said Captain Phil Adams, "in my view, it is as tidy a little craft as ever was set afloat, and I hope it'll have a long cruise and a lucky one."

There was an infinite delight and pride in the sturdy captain's voice, for the "mate" whom he addressed was none other than the wife whom he loved right well, and the "tidy little craft" in question was his first-born child, who lay before him in a blue-painted pine cradle, and, with her thumb in her mouth, was looking unutterable wisdom at the brown rafters of the cottage ceiling.

Nothing that Captain Adams had ever seen in twenty years of roaming up and down the world was half so beautiful and wonderful as that round bundle of a baby in a "gown of sprinkled pink."

Captain Adams had just returned to his home at Lucky Cove after an eight months' voyage to the Mediterranean. Those were days when postal communication was costly and difficult, and people like the seamen's families at the Cove seldom wrote letters; so it had happened that one letter, very much after date, and one message by a ship from the Cove, chance met, made all the news Captain Adams had had of his home since he left it, and for three months not a word. Therefore when his ship entered Portsmouth Harbor, and he was permitted to leave affairs in charge of his first officer, Captain Adams started with all speed for Lucky Cove, though with a heart full of fear and trembling, and oppressed with forebodings of what might have happened during the last quarter of a year to turn his snug home into a dismal wilderness.

People had to reach Lucky Cove as best they might, without car, boat, stage, or public conveyance of any kind; men generally made the journey on foot, and in those days women were eminently keepers at home. Captain Adams fortunately found the village trader's wagon bringing in a three months' supply of goods, and, seated in state on a lofty pile of bales, boxes, and barrels, he entered the Cove. The third house passed was the tavern, sign of the "Blue Mackerel," and out of this rushed the tavern-keeper and Jim Wren, Tom Epp, Master Hastings, and various other worthies of Lucky Cove, and gave three cheers and a tiger at seeing Phil Adams safe home. These cheers gave him heart, for these friends would never cheer like that a man coming to bad news; so the captain began to scramble down from his uneasy perch.

"Come in, Adams, come in, my hearty," cried the landlord, "and I'll stand treat all round for your safe return, and you'll stand treat to the health of the trim little lass they've got for you up at your house."

"Oh!" said Captain Adams, entering the "Blue Mackerel" with alacrity, "then they're all well up at my house."

"Pertic'ler well," said Tom Epp. "I drop in every day, and they were all bright as buttons this morning, and setting great hopes on the fine weather we've had lately, though nobody reckoned on seeing you to-night."

"Be quick, landlord," said Adams. "I'm in a hurry to get home."

Indeed, so great was his hurry that he left the glass of the second "treat" half emptied, and hurried along to the other end of the one village street, that bent like a bow around the Cove, stopping only to waive his hand or nod his head in answer to the greetings from his neighbours, who stood in their doorways or thrust their heads out of the windows with a hearty welcome as he went by; for the simple folk in these twenty or thirty houses had for the most part grown up together from childhood, and their hopes, fears, troubles, successes, good and evil fortune, were very nearly common property.

The Adams' cottage was the last in the village; several rods from it was the village store, whose goods were yet lingering before the "Blue Mackerel," while the driver comforted himself with several drams, for none of which he could render a reason. In front of the store a knot of youngsters were building a fort in the midst of the sandy, little-travelled road. One of these set up a piping cry, "Oh! here's Cap'n Adams;" another shrilly screamed, "Say, Mis' Adams! here's your Phil." And now the wayfarer stopped with readiness; for out of the store came a little, gray, wrinkled, tottering old woman. What a glad, tremulous, quavering cry this old woman gave at sight of the weather-beaten seaman, who was the light of her eyes! And Phil, on his part, was man enough to catch the aged body in his arms and lift her quite off her shaky old feet, while he hugged and kissed her right heartily.

In this joyful encounter Mrs. Adams lost her spectacles, which by some happy chance hung fast to Phil's shaggy coat; the stiff frill of her cap got quite crushed over her eyes, and the broad white kerchief pinned over her shoulders was dragged awry; but happily oblivious of this disarrangement of her dress, and her errand at the store forgotten, the jubilant old mother had her wrinkled hand tucked firmly under her son's arm, and trotted off home much faster than she had walked for a year past, and all the burden of her garrulous tongue was: "O Phil! *such* a baby!"

The shrill-toned boy came flying after them. "I say, Mis' Adams! here's your tea wot you left at the store, an' that bundle of starch you dropped while you was a hugging Phil!"

"Do tell!" cried the old lady. "What a good thing that

paper didn't break; and, Phil, of all things, there's my spectacles hanging in your button-hole, and here I am seeing as clear as day without them! I wouldn't wonder if I was getting my second sight."

It was only that the old woman was so happy that she had not considered whether she saw clearly or not. The next day, more used to her happiness, she needed the glasses as much as ever.

And so we have Captain Adams fairly at home, and he has seen the wife whom, in long, dark night-watches he had greatly feared he should never see again, and he has had time to sit down by the blue cradle, while his mother prepared the family supper, and examine at his leisure that "trim-rigged little craft" which is henceforth to be the chief delight of his heart, source of an ever-increasing, unselfish pride.

There was no end to the excellences of this youngster; she had not cried when beside the smooth, rosy face of her mother the big captain's bronzed, rugged features and shaggy beard had obtruded upon her gaze; when he gingerly took the pink thumb out of the pinker mouth, the little hand had firmly clasped his forefinger; when he ventured to chuck her under the small, round chin, she made the house ring with such a crow as the captain was quite certain no other babe of three months could give. Yes, he and his mother and his wife all said, "*Such* a baby!"

"And she hasn't any name, Annie?" said Captain Phil.

"No, only Baby, until you came home," said the wife.

"Well," said Adams, speaking the wish of his heart, "I'd like to name her after mother there. It would please the old lady mightily, and she's had troubles enough; besides, I've never done anything in particular for her."

Never anything in particular! Captain Phil Adams ignored the fact that since he was twenty he had entirely supported his mother; that so long as his wages only sufficed for two he had remained single for her sake, and only when a captain's berth came to him at thirty-five had he ventured to marry. Four sons and a husband had old Mrs. Adams seen go down to the sea in ships, and come again no more to her hearthstone, and Phil had, as each new loss came, striven to be more and more her comfort and stay—to be more to her than ten sons. Never a voyage did Phil Adams come from without bringing his old mother some token that in a foreign land he had thought of her and of his home; and yet, by the side of his child's cradle, looking over the past, he considered that "he had never done anything in particular" for his old parent, and that in giving his child her name he could best show his filial love. "And you know, Annie, that Elizabeth is by no means an ugly name."

"Oh! it is a very pretty one, and we could call her Bess," replied Mrs. Adams cordially; for she had expected this very choice, but had said nothing, that the old woman might be gratified by her son's unbiassed decision.

"And Annie's a very nice name, too," said Captain Adams.

"I'd like her to have your name—say, now, Annie Elizabeth, or Elizabeth Annie; how do you like that?"

"No," said his wife, "only Elizabeth, only Bess—Bess Adams; that name just suits such a jolly, breezy little body. And I'm glad you're not sorry she's not a boy."

"Oh! a boy," said Captain Adams—"boys are all well enough in their place, but it's just my idea that there's nothing in the world nicer than such a little girl as this."

It was always so with Captain Adams—whatever happened was the best that could possibly be; to be satisfied was the rule of his life, to be dissatisfied the rare exception.

Supper being ready, he came to the table, and would have the wonderful baby in his lap while he ate; his wife being in an unspoken agony, which gradually passed away, lest in his mammoth gambols he should drop the little creature, and his mother nodding her old head and crumpled cap over her tea, and chuckling at the honour of having the baby named for her; it was something every way more delightful, suitable, and comprehensible than the possession of a kingdom.

"Bess she is!" cried Captain Adams, giving the baby a squeeze; "and she must take her name with honour—with a christening, and all that, like any other little ship."

"Oh! but, Phil," said his wife, "for christening a baby there must be a minister, and there's none within twenty miles; and I've heard something about their only christening babies whose folk belonged to some church, though I don't know as that is always so, and you know there's never been a church, nor nothing like one, at Lucky Cove."

"So there hasn't," said the captain; "but how heathenish that sounds when you come to mention it! When I'm in port, sometimes a parson comes aboard, and asks all hands to his church, and some of us go out of compliment. And I'm sure you'd like it, Annie; it's an uncommon pleasant way of spending part of Sunday, and one feels somehow more quiet and satisfied after the singing, and praying, and talking, and all that."

"So they do," said the old lady; "and I'd like to be inside a church once more. When I was a young girl in Portsmouth, I very often went, but not over forty times since as many years ago I married your father and came here; and I have heard two or three preachings at funerals at the Corners."

"So have I," said Annie, "and at my uncle's up in the country they have preaching once a month in winter, and twice a month in summer, and we all went when I was visiting there, and the school-house was crowded."

"That's so," said Phil; "and don't you remember, Annie, the minister that married you and me? He talked and prayed right well for us, didn't he? I'll go to his church the next Sunday I spend in Portsmouth."

"But about the baby," said Annie. "You see she can't be christened; there's no church and no minister nor anything."

"Poor Bess!" cried the captain, suddenly twirling her over his

head, and holding her suspended in his broad hands. "Poor little craft! but she's worse off than a ship; that can have a bottle of wine broken, and her name sung out, and cheered when she's launched; and that's what I will have for our Bess. But I say, Annie, without a church or preaching here she's like to grow up a heathen." This dismal view set the family to a melancholy consideration of their disadvantages—disadvantages which appeared to them only in externals—having nobody to marry or to bury them. But the captain broke out again.

"I say, Annie and mother, we can have a name-feast for our Bess any way. I've brought some nice tid-bits on my ship, which will be along here next week, and I'd like to see our neighbours together; so we'll invite them to come for a name-feast for our Bess. And as to wine, I've six good bottles with me, and we'll have a punch, too, and drink the lassie's health right hearty."

By all means, thought mother and Annie; this name-feast was a splendid proposition. Hospitality was a shining characteristic at Lucky Cove, and the Adamses were well-to-do among their neighbours; they could set a hearty feast before their friends, and have a long, busy, good-natured gossip about all the news of the hamlet and the Corners, the school, the mackerel-fishing, the marriages that might take place in the next two years, the news from the ships that were off on a cruise, and the rise or fall in grade of the men and youths of the Cove who followed the sea.

"And how is Jim Wren coming on?" asked Captain Adams.

"Right bad, and Sarah Ann's clear discouraged. He's lost his berth as Captain; for he was drunk aboard, and only for his mate, Jenkins, taking the power into his own hands, he'd have had *The Triton* on the rocks, and all six of them aboard of her lost. So when they got in, Master Hastings offered Jenkins the berth of Captain, and turned poor Jim adrift. But Jenkins got them to let him have Jim for mate, so there is bread and butter for the family yet, only you see Sarah feels as if it's the beginning of a come down, and likely to go from bad to worse. She was so mortified she wouldn't go to a quilting at Master Hastings' last week."

"He's home now," said the old lady, as the younger woman ceased her account. "They got in yesterday, for two weeks, to stop a leak; and that's bad too, right in the middle of the mackerel-fishing."

"Yes, I saw him up at the 'Blue Mackerel' as I came in," said Phil, "and I thought he looked a little down and his nose was too red. I guessed he'd been lying by there pretty much all day."

"Well, I'm glad I'm not Sarah Ann," said young Mrs. Adams.

"I should think so!" cried her mother-in-law. "Jim and my Phil ain't to be named the same day; but Sarah Ann is a very nice woman, and her Lucy is a right, straight-forward, biddable little girl."

No bird of omen sweeping seaward struck his black wing against their window-pane; no chill breath blew upon the little group; no banshee cried, no warning spectre stood among them; nothing of the shadow of coming events, falling athwart the still sweetness of a June evening, brought a misgiving of the scenes that between those four cottage walls should crowd the lives of stout Phil Adams, and the baby Bess, and that "good, biddable child," Lucy Wren, when those other three, the old wife, and the young wife, and the discouraged Sarah Ann, should have slipped cable from all earthly moorings, and gone out into a sea that has neither tides nor shores.

Lucky Cove is to-day a plain fishing hamlet, where the utmost simplicity of living prevails, where two thousand dollars constitutes "an independent fortune," a musical instrument larger than a violin or an accordeon has never been heard, the silk gown of the mother descends unimpaired to the daughter, and a journey to Boston or New York is the event of a lifetime. What must have, then, been the primitive fashion of the days of Bess Adams' babyhood?

We may readily believe that within twenty-four hours the grand event of the coming name-feast, "as soon as the ship should come in"—and its coming was not so apocryphal as that of the nursery ship that is to bring the fortune—became the chief subject of conversation within all the village homes. What cakes and pies it would be well to have was made a matter of discussion with the nearest neighbours; and Sarah Ann Wren gave her promise to compound a famous raisin loaf "as soon as the ship came." This ship was none other than a Lucky Cove fishing-schooner, which Captain Adams had found in Portsmouth, and to which he had committed a box containing figs, lemons, raisins, and oranges, a half-dozen bottles of wine, some preserved ginger, and a pot of anchovies—rare treats for the home people, which treats were common enough in the Italian port whither he had been for marble. All the village, therefore, took an interest in the arrival of the vessel; and when Captain Adams went out on the rocky headland at the northern limit of the Cove, he was followed by a troop of urchins, each eager to see and announce the approach of the *Goodwife*, owned by Master Hastings, the richest man of the hamlet, and the only dweller there not born on the soil. The name of this schooner had been in Danish at the first, but in deference to the wishes of the Cove, which could not twist its tongue to foreign speech, Master Hastings had translated it to plain English, *Goodwife*.

A fine scene lay spread before Captain Adams, as he went out daily to look for the vessel. Lucky Cove was a crescent a mile in diameter, with a bold and indeed dangerous pile of rocks rising at either end of the bow, and running treacherously out under the blue waters, which here curled and fretted, and broke into foam, giving zest to the navigation of that part of the coast, and forever preventing Lucky Cove from becoming a prosperous town with an available harbour. The houses of the village, none

of them more than one story high, were set in a straggling fashion along the line of the shore, and before them, on the sandy beach, fishing-boats were dragged up and nets were stretched to dry, while generally some little vessel lay moored by the rude wooden pier. One store and one tavern, "The Blue Mackerel," made up the public buildings of the Cove. Behind, the land rose in a long, gentle swell, covered with choice green pastures, and two miles away, at the highest point, four roads met, forming the "Corners;" where was the district school, where for ten months in the year a hard-headed, well-instructed schoolmaster reigned supreme over all the youngsters within a circuit of five miles. Blue, bright waters, flashing in the sun or glorious in the storm; green swelling pastures where sheep and cows wandered feeding; village homes where no starving poverty sat with haggard face, where no gaudy wealth entered with its temptations; the skies above all blue, and beautiful, and shining, as that sun-loved sea, and held upon the headland between sea and sky, as a hint that this busy world was not the "end-all," lay, circled by a low stone wall, a village of the dead. Few graves were there; children usually throve at the Cove, and few babies were buried. There were few graves of men as well; for sooner or later the sturdy sons of the coast, whom old age could not wear out nor disease quell, went down by storm or misadventure at sea, and had only such burial as wind or wave afforded.

Some said it was because of the healthfulness of this place that it had gotten its name of Lucky Cove; others had a legend of a ship long ago here making happy refuge from the storm; but the children held to the myth that Captain Kidd had once had a *cache* here—a pit wherein he had buried gold and jewels, lovely daggers with shiny hilts, crowns fit for kings, and spurs grand enough for King Arthur. All the little lads of the village hoped some day to discover these spoils and become rich as the prince in fairy tale; to this end, they dug zealousy here and there with wooden spades and bits of broken hoop-iron when they were little, and, when they grew older, secured their humble fortunes by going to sea, as their fathers had before them.

Well, the *Goodwife* was finally seen, with all sails set, making straight for the Cove before the most favourable of breezes, and straightway all the small boys, who had just got home from school, tore down to the pier, with breeches rolled above their knees, and sun-bleached locks flying out of their ragged caps, all eager to "help Captain Adams" bring his goods home; not that these little fellows were going to the "feast," but each knew that his mother would bring him home in her ample pocket a slice of cake and a bit of fruit.

Next day Captain Adams, carrying Bess in his arms, went to each house in the village, inviting his friends to the "naming." All day Sarah Ann and Mrs. Adams baked delightful compounds in a big brick oven out of doors, while the old lady and little Lucy helped prepare the ingredients in the little "lean-to"

kitchen at the back of the house. Next morning most of the crockery of the neighbourhood was borrowed by Mrs. Adams; the big room that formed the main part of the house was scrubbed and polished, and decorated with fresh curtains and table-covers trimmed with lace of her own knitting; the two little bed-rooms at the side—after-thoughts in the house-building—were arrayed in the finest patchwork quilts, home-made mats, and toilet-tables; and finally Sarah Ann Wren brought, to adorn the middle of the supper-table, a grand Chinese jug, the one treasured gift of her improvident husband, which she had now filled with a mighty nosegay of daffodils, and lilacs, and fragrant white jonquils. Baby Bess was arrayed in a cap and robe embroidered by her mother, and a string of corals brought from over seas by her father. Mrs. Adams wore her wedding gown of gray, and the old lady wore *her* wedding gown of brown, which was a little out of fashion, but looked very well. Master Hastings sent a Danish punch-bowl, which held two gallons, and Captain Phil brewed a notable punch, and made arrangements for a yet further supply. At one o'clock the matrons gathered with their knitting, the half-dozen men who were at home came with their pipes, and adjourned with Captain Adams to the headland "to talk over matters"—*i.e.,* the last cruise, the next cruise, and the mackerel-fishing. At five o'clock Mrs. Adams made a pot of tea for the older dames, aided by Sarah Ann, set the table, talking all the while to her surrounding friends, and giving, at their desire, her recipes for various appetizing dishes. Then Lucy Wren was despatched to call the men, and in a few moments more the whole company were falling to, eating and drinking with the royal appetites produced by sea-air, hard work, and ordinarily plain fare.

By-and-by, when Annie Adams and Sarah Ann had "changed the plates" for the last time, the six bottles of wine were set on the centre of the table; Master Hastings' great bowl of hot punch was placed before Captain Adams; and Tom Epp was called upon to serve out eggnog from a huge tureen which Phil's father had long ago brought from England.

Now, when Phil Adams had served to every one a glass of punch, he took Baby Bess from her mother, and, holding her on high, said: "Friends and neighbours, here's the little craft, Bess Adams, just setting sail in life, and we ask you to drink her health and wish her a long cruise and a lucky one!"

All drank heartily to the dainty maid, and Master Hastings rose to make a nice little speech; when he had concluded, his son Rolf, aged five, who was the only small boy present at the entertainment, and who had been taking hearty sips out of his father's glass, felt it incumbent on *him* to say a word of the newcomer on behalf of the juveniles of Lucky Cove, so he cried out that "the punch was tip-top, and the baby was tip-topper"—a remark received with acclamation.

"The baby shall drink her own health," said Phil, putting a spoonful of punch to the little pink lips.

Bess sputtered vigorously, without taking any.

"Let her be, Phil," said the mother; "such stuff is not made for babies."

"The baby has the best of it," said Sarah Ann Wren: "she knows whiskey is poor stuff. For my part, I don't see why any one wants better than a good cup of tea. I don't think any one likes strong liquor naturally; we only learn by coaxing it down with all sorts of sweets and flavouring. Why not all let it alone in the first place? We'd never know the need of it then."

"Oh! but in moderation it's very necessary for health," said Master Hastings, speaking the current opinion of the day.

"Keeps out cold and drives off fever," said he of the "Blue Mackerel."

"It's very strengthening when there's hard work to do," said Tom Epp.

"Yes, and very heartening when you're unhappy," said Jim Wren.

After tea Captain Phil gathered all that was left of the wine, punch, and eggnog—different forms of this wonderful medicine, counsellor, consoler, and strengthener—and carrying it to the throng of little lads before the house, gave them all "a sip of something nice" to the health of Baby Bess Adams.

We perceive from this chronicle that Lucky Cove was utterly uninstructed in "temperance principles;" indeed, such were nearly unknown then. Father Mathew, Gough, temperance leagues and societies, had never been heard of. That whiskey was good for the health, promoter of wit, sociality, longevity, and happiness, was a fundamental article in each man's creed, held at Lucky Cove in the face of the facts that by means of it Jim Wren lost wages, his father had fallen from a mast and broken his neck, that toddy had made Tom Epp's father a loathsome burden, that drunkenness occasioned the loss of several vessels about the Cove every year—in the face of this logic of facts, they yet advocated whiskey as a public benefactor. But then the wrong side does not trouble itself to reason; it boldly asserts.

THE NEW YEAR.

BENEATH the moonlight and the snow
Lies dead my latest year;
The winter winds are wailing low
Its dirges in mine ear.

I grieve not with the moaning wind,
As if a loss befell;
Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well!

His light shines on me from above,
His low voice speaks within—
The patience of immortal love
Outwearying mortal sin.

Not mindless of the growing years
Of care and loss and pain,
My eyes are wet with thankful tears
For blessings which remain.

—*Whittier.*

THE SQUIRE OF SANDAL-SIDE.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER I.—SEAT-SANDAL.

THERE is a mountain called Seat-Sandal, and those who have stood upon its summit know that Grasmere vale and lake lie at their feet, and that Windermere, and Coniston, and a grand brotherhood of mountains, are all around them. There is also an old gray manor-house of the same name. It is some miles distant from the foot of the mountain, snugly sheltered in one of the loveliest valleys between Coniston and Torver. No one knows when the first stones of this house were laid. The Sandals were in Sandal-Side when the white-handed, waxen-faced Edward was building Westminster Abbey, and William the Norman was laying plans for the crown of England. Probably they came with those Norsemen who a century earlier made the Isle of Man their headquarters, and from it, landing on the opposite coast of Cumberland, settled themselves among valleys and lakes and mountains of primeval beauty, which must have strongly reminded them of their native land.

The Sandals have been wise and fortunate owners of the acres which Lögberg Sandal cleared for his descendants. They have a family tradition that he came from Iceland in his own galley; and a late generation has written out portions of a saga—long orally transmitted—which relates the incidents of his voyage.

Doubtless this very Lögberg Sandal built the central hall of Seat-Sandal. There were giants in those days; and it must have been the hands of giants that piled the massive blocks, and eyes accustomed to great expanses that measured off the large and lofty space. Smaller rooms have been built above it and around it, and every generation has added something to its beauty and comfort; but Lögberg's great hall, with its enormous fireplace, is still the heart of the home.

When the Stuarts came marching through the dales, for his staunch loyalty the Christopher Sandal of that day was put among the men whom King George determined to honour. A baronetcy was offered him, which he declined; for he had a feeling that he would deeply offend old Lögberg Sandal, and perhaps all the rest of his ancestral wraiths, if he merged their ancient name in that of Baron of Torver. The sentiment was one the German King of England could understand and respect; and Sandal received, in place of a costly title, the lucrative office of High Sheriff of Cumberland, and a good share besides of the forfeited lands of the rebel houses of Huddleston and Millom.

Then he took his place among the great county families of England. He passed over his own hills, and went up to London, and did homage for the king's grace to him. And that strange journey awakened in the mountain lord some old spirit of

adventure and curiosity. He came home by the ocean, and perceived that he had only half lived before. He sent his sons to Oxford; he made them travel; he was delighted when the youngest two took to the sea as naturally as the eider-ducks fledged in a sea-sand nest.

Good fortune did not spoil the old, cautious family. It went "cannily" forward, and knew how "to take occasion by the hand," and how to choose its friends. Towards the close of the eighteenth century, an opportune loan again set the doors of the House of Lords open to the Sandals; but the head of the family was even less inclined to enter it than his grandfather had been.

"Nay, then," was his answer, "t' Sandals are too old a family to hide their heads in a coronet. Happen, I am a bit opinion-tied, but it's over late to loosen knots made centuries ago; and I don't want to loosen them, neither."

So it will be perceived, that, though the Sandals moved, they moved slowly. But about the beginning of this century, a different day began to dawn over Sandal-Side. The young heir came to his own, and signalized the event by marrying the rich Miss Lowther of Whitehaven. She had been finely educated. She had lived in large cities, and been to court. She dressed elegantly; she had a piano and much grand furniture brought over the hills to Sandal; and she filled the old house during the summer with lords and ladies, and poets and artists, who flitted about the idyllic little village, like gay butterflies in a lovely garden.

The husband and children of such a woman were not likely to stand still. Sandal, encouraged by her political influence, went into Parliament. Her children did fairly well; for though one boy was wild, and cost them a deal of money, and another went away in a passion one morning, and never came back, the heir was a good son, and the two girls made splendid marriages. On the whole, she could feel that she had done well to her generation. Even after she had been long dead, the old women in the village talked of her beauty and spirit, of the tight hand she kept over everyone and everything pertaining to Sandal. Of all the mistresses of the old "seat," this Mistress Charlotte was the most prominent and the best remembered.

Everyone who steps within the wide, cool hall of Seat-Sandal faces first of all things her picture. It is a life-size painting of a beautiful woman, in the queer, scant costume of the regency. She wears a white satin frock and white satin slippers, and carries in her hand a bunch of white roses. She appears to be coming down a flight of wide stairs; one foot is lifted for the descent, and the dark background, and the dim light in which it hangs, give to the illusion an almost startling reality. It was her fancy to have the painting hung there to welcome all who entered her doors; and though it is now old-fashioned, and rather shabby and faded, no one of the present generation cares to order its removal. All hold quietly to the opinion that "grandmother would not like it"

In that quiet acre on the hillside which holds the generations of the Sandals, she had been at rest for ten years. But her son still bared his gray head whenever he passed her picture; still, at times, stood a minute before it, and said with tender respect, "I salute thee, mother." And in her granddaughters' lives still she interfered; for she had left in their father's charge a sum of money, which was to be used solely to give them some pleasure which they could not have without it. In this way, though dead, she kept herself a part of their young lives; became a kind of fairy grandmother, who gave them only delightful things, and her name continued a household word.

Only the mother seemed averse to speak it; and Charlotte, who was most observant, noticed that she never lifted her eyes to the picture as she passed it. There were reasons for these things which the children did not understand. They had been too young at her death to estimate the bondage in which she had kept her daughter-in-law, who, for her husband's sake, had been ever patient and reticent. For many years the young wife had borne nobly a domestic tyranny which pressed her on every hand. If then, she was glad to be set free from it, the feeling was too natural to be severely blamed; for she never said so—no, not even by a look. Her children had the benefit of their grandmother's kindness, and she was too honourable to deprive the dead of their meed of gratitude.

The present holder of Sandal had none of his mother's ambitious will. He cared for neither political nor fashionable life; and as soon as he came to his inheritance, married a handsome, sensible daleswoman with whom he had long been in love. Then he retired from a world which had nothing to give him comparable, in his eyes, with the simple, dignified pleasures incident to his position as Squire of Sandal-Side. For dearly he loved the old hall, with its sheltering sycamores and oaks. Dearly he loved the large, low rooms, full of comfortable elegance; and the sweet, old-fashioned, Dutch garden, so green through all the snows of winter, so cheerfully grave and fragrant in the summer twilights, so shady and cool even in the hottest noons.

Thirty years ago he was coming through it one July evening. It had been a very hot day; and the flowers were drooping, and the birds weary and silent. But Squire Sandal, though flushed and rumpled looking, had still the air of drippy mornings and hazy afternoons about him. There was a creel at his back, and a fishing-rod in his hand. At his side walked his favourite daughter Charlotte—his dear companion, the confidant and sharer of all his sylvan pleasures. She was tired and dusty; and her short printed gown showed traces of green, spongy grass, and lichen-covered rocks. But her face was a joy to see: she had such bright eyes, such a kind, handsome mouth, such a cheerful voice, such a merry laugh. As they came in sight of the wide-open front doors, she looked ruefully down at her feet and her grass-and-water-stained skirt, and then into her father's face.

"I don't know what Sophia will say if she sees me, father; I don't indeed."

"Never you mind her, dear. Sophia's rather high, you know. And we've had a rare good time. Eh? What?"

"I think I will go round by the side door, father. I might meet someone in the hall."

"Nay, don't do that. There isn't any need to shab off. You've done nothing wrong, and I'm ready to stand by you, my dear; and you know what a good time we've been having all day. Eh? What?"

Then being in the entrance hall, they parted with a smile of confidence, and Charlotte hastened upstairs to prepare herself for the evening meal.

She dressed rapidly, with a certain deft grace that was part of her character, and then tapped at the door of the room adjoining her own. It was Miss Sandal's room; and Miss Sandal, though only sixteen months older than Charlotte, exacted all the deference due to her by the right of primogeniture.

"Come in, Charlotte."

"How did you know it was I?"

"I know your knock, however you vary it. Nobody knocks like you. I suppose no two people would make three taps just the same." A very different girl, indeed, was she from her younger sister; a stranger would never have suspected her of the same parentage. Her disposition was dreamy and self-willed; occult studies fascinated her, and she was passionately fond of moonlight. Having put down her book, she rose from her chair; and as she dipped the tips of her hands in water, and wiped them with elaborate nicety, she talked to Charlotte in a soft and most deliberate way.

"Where have you been, you and father, ever since daybreak?"

"Up to Blaeberry Tarn, and then home by Holler Beck. We caught a creel full of trout, and had a very happy day."

"Really, you know?"

"Yes, really; why not?"

"I cannot understand it, Charlotte. I suppose we never were sisters before." She said the words with the air of one who rather states a fact than asks a question; and Charlotte, not at all comprehending, looked at her curiously and interrogatively.

"I mean that our relationship in this life does not touch our anterior lives."

"Oh, you know you are talking nonsense, Sophia! It gives me such a feel, you can't tell, to think of having lived before; and I don't believe it. There, now! Come, dear, let us go to dinner; I'm that hungry I'm fit to drop." For Charlotte was watching, with a feeling of injury, Sophia's leisurely method of putting every book and chair and hairpin in its place.

So dissimilar were the girls in their appearance and their tastes; and yet they loved each other with that calm, habitual, family affection, which, undemonstrative as it is, stands the wear and tug of life with a wonderful tenacity. Down the broad, oak stairway they sauntered together; Charlotte's tall, erect figure, bright, loose hair, pink dress, and flowing ribbons, throwing

into effective contrast the dark hair, dark eyes, white drapery, and gleaming ornaments of her elder sister.

In the hall they met the squire. He was very fond and very proud of his daughters; and he gave his right arm to Sophia, and slipped his left hand into Charlotte's with an affectionate pride and confidence that was charming.

"Any news, mother?" he asked, as he lifted one of the crisp brown trout from its bed of white damask and curly green parsley.

"None, squire; only the sheep-shearing at the Up-Hill Farm to-morrow. John of Middle Barra called with the statesman's respects. Will you go, squire?"

"Certainly. My men are all to lend a hand. Barfe Latrigg is ageing fast now; he was my father's crony; if I slighted him, I should feel as if father knew about it. Which of you will go with me? Thou, mother?"

"That, I cannot, squire. The servant lasses are all promised for the fleece-folding; and it's a poor house that won't keep one woman busy in it."

"Sophia and Charlotte will go then?"

"Excuse me, father," answered Sophia languidly. "I shall have a headache to-morrow, I fear; I have been nervous and poorly all the afternoon."

"Why, Sophia, I didn't think I had such a foolish lass! Taking fancies for she doesn't know what. If you plan for to-morrow, plan a bit of pleasure with it; that's a long way better than expecting a headache. Charlotte will go then. Eh? What?"

"Yes, father; I will go. Sophia never could bear walking in the heat. I like it; and I think there are few things merrier than a sheep-shearing."

"So poetic! So idyllic!" murmured Sophia, with mild sarcasm.

"Many people think so, Sophia. Mr. Wordsworth would remember Pan and Arcadian shepherds playing on reedy pipes, and Chaldæan shepherds studying the stars, and those on Judæa's hills who heard the angels singing. He would think of wild Tartar shepherds, and handsome Spanish and Italian."

"And still handsomer Cumberland ones." And Sophia, having given this little sisterly reminder, added calmly, "I met Mr. Wordsworth to-day, father. He had come over the fells with a party, and he looked very much bored with his company."

"I shouldn't wonder if he were. He likes his own company best. He is a great man now, but I remember well when people thought he was just a little off-at-side. You knew Nancy Butterworth, mother?"

"Certainly I did, squire. She lived near Rydal."

"Yes. Nancy wasn't very bright herself. A stranger once asked her what Mr. Wordsworth was like; and she said, 'He's canny enough at times. Mostly he's wandering up and down t' hills, talking his po-et-ry; but now and then he'll say, "How do ye do, Nancy?" as sensible as you or me.'"

"Mr. Wordsworth speaks foolishness to a great many people besides Nancy Butterworth," said Sophia warmly; "but he is a great poet and a great seer to those who can understand him."

"Well, well, Mr. Wordsworth is neither here nor there in our affairs. We'll go up to Latriggs in the afternoon, Charlotte. I'll be ready at two o'clock."

"And I, also, father." Her face was flushed and thoughtful, and she had become suddenly quiet. The squire glanced at her, but without curiosity; he only thought, "What a pity she is a lass! I wish Harry had her good sense and her good heart; I do that."

CHAPTER II.—THE SHEEP-SHEARING.

The sheep-shearings at Up-Hill Farm were a kind of rural Olympics. Shepherds came there from far and near to try their skill against each other—young men in their prime mostly, with brown, ruddy faces, and eyes of that bright blue lustre which is only gained by a free, open-air life.

Hand in hand the squire and his daughter climbed the fellside. They had left home in high spirits, merrily flinging back the mother's and Sophia's last advices; but gradually they became silent, and then a little mournful. "I wonder why it is, father?" asked Charlotte; "I'm not at all tired, and how can fresh air and sunshine make one melancholy?"

"Maybe, now, sad thoughts are catching. I was having a few. Eh? What?"

"I don't know. Why were you having sad thoughts?"

"Well, then, I really can't understand why. There's no need to fret over changes. At the long end the great change puts all right. Charlotte, I have been coming to Barf Latrigg's shearings for about half a century. I remember the first. I held my nurse's hand, and wore such a funny little coat, and such a big lace collar. And, dear me! it was just such a day as this, thirty-two years ago, that your mother walked up to the shearing with me, Charlotte; and I asked her if she would be my wife, and she said she would. Thou takes after her a good deal; she had the very same bright eyes and bonny face, and straight, tall shape thou has to-day. Barf Latrigg was sixty then, turning a bit gray, but able to shear with any man they could put against him. He'll be ninety now; but his father lived till he was more than a hundred, and most of his fore-elders touched the century. He's had his troubles too."

"I never heard of them."

"No. They are dead and buried. A dead trouble may be forgot: it is the living troubles that make the eyes dim, and the heart fail. Yes, yes; Barf is as happy as a boy now, but I remember when he was back-set and fore-set with trouble. In life everything goes round like a cart-wheel. Eh? What?"

In a short time they reached the outer wall of the farm. Stone steps in the stone wall admitted them into the enclosure, and then they saw the low gray house spreading itself in the shadow of the noble sycamores.

As they approached, the old statesman strode to the open door to meet them. He was a very tall man, with a bright, florid face, and a great deal of fine, white hair. He had that independent manner which honourable descent and absolute ownership of house and land give; and he looked every inch a gentleman, though he wore only the old dalesman's costume—breeches of buckskin fastened at the knees with five silver buttons, home-knit stockings and low shoes, and a red waistcoat, open that day, in order to show the fine ruffles on his shirt. He was precisely what Squire Sandal would have been, if the Sandals had not been forced by circumstances into contact with a more cultivated and ambitious life.

"Welcome, Sandal! I have been watching for thee. There would be little prosperation in a shearing if thou wert absent. And a good day to thee, Charlotte. My Ducie was speaking of thee a minute ago. Here she comes to help thee off with thy things."

Charlotte was untying her bonnet as she entered the deep, cool porch, and a moment afterward Ducie was at her side. It was easy to see the women loved each other, though Ducie only smiled, and said, "Come in; I'm right glad to see you, Charlotte. Come into t' best room, and cool your face a bit. And how is Mrs. Sandal and Sophia? Be things at their usual, dear?"

"Thank you, Ducie; all and everything is well—I hope. We have not heard from Harry lately. I think it worrits father a little, but he is never the one to show it. Oh, how sweet this room is."

The old room, with its oak walls, immense bed, carved awmries, drawers, and cupboards, made a fine environment for so much life and colour. But the peculiar sweetness which Charlotte noticed came from the polished oak floor, which was strewed with bits of rosemary and lavender, to prevent the slipping of the feet upon it.

"I would not do it, Ducie, for anyone," she said. "Poor herbs of grace! What sins have they committed to be trodden under foot? I would not do it, Ducie: I feel as if it hurt them."

"Nay, now; flowers grow to be pulled dear, just as lasses grow to be loved and married."

"Is that what you think, Ducie? Some cherished in the jar; some thrown under the feet, and bruised to death—the feet of wrong and sorrow"—

"Don't you talk that way, Charlotte. It isn't lucky for girls to talk of wrong and sorrow. Talking of things bespeaks them. There's always *them* that hear; *them* that we don't see."

As Ducie talked, they went through the back door into a large yard walled in from the hillside, and having in it three grand old sycamores. One of these was at the top of the enclosure, and a circle of green shadow like a tent was around it. In this shadow the squire and the statesman were sitting. Their heads were uncovered, their long clay pipes in their hands; and, with a placid complacency, they were watching the score of busy men before them. Many had come long distances to try their skill

against each other; for the shearings at Latrigg's were a pastoral game, at which it was a local honour to be the winner. There the young statesman who could shear his six score a day found others of a like capacity, and it was Greek against Greek at Up-Hill shearing that afternoon.

"I had two thousand sheep to get over," said Latrigg, "but they'll be bare by sunset, squire. That isn't bad for these days. When I was young we wouldn't have thought so much of two thousand, but every dalesman then knew what good shearing was. *Now,*" and the old man shook his head slowly, "good shearers are few and far between."

It was customary for young people of all conditions to give men as aged as Barf Latrigg the honourable name of "grandfather;" and Charlotte said, as she sat down in the breezy shadow beside him, "Who is first, grandfather?"

"Why, our Stephen, to be sure! They'll have to be up before day-dawn to keep sidey with our Steve.—Steve, how many is thou ahead now?" The voice that asked the question, though full of triumph, was thin and weak; but the answer came back in full, mellow tones:

"Fifteen ahead, grandfather."

"Oh, I'm so glad!"

"Charlotte Sandal says 'she's so glad.' Now then, if thou loses ground, I wouldn't give a ha'penny for thee."

Even before sundown, the last batch of sheep were fleeced and turned on to the hillside; and Charlotte, leaning over the wall, watched them wander contentedly up the fell, with their lambs trotting beside them. Grandfather and the squire had gone into the house; Ducie was calling her from the open door; she knew it was tea-time, and she was young and healthy and hungry enough to be glad of it.

At the table she met Stephen. The strong, bare-armed Hercules, whom she had watched tossing the sheep around for his shears as easily as if they had been kittens under his hands, was now dressed in a handsome tweed suit, and looking quite as much of a gentleman as the most fastidious maiden could desire. He came in after the meal had begun, flushed somewhat with his hard labour, and perhaps, also, with the hurry of his toilet; but there was no embarrassment in his manner. It had never yet entered Stephen's mind that there was any occasion for embarrassment, for the friendship between the squire's family and his own had been devoid of all sense of inequality. The squire was "the squire," and was perhaps richer than Latrigg, but even that fact was uncertain; and the Sandals had been to court, and married into county families; but then the Latriggs had been for exactly seven hundred years the neighbours of Sandal—good neighbours, shoulder to shoulder with them in every trial or emergency.

The long friendship had never known but one temporary shadow, and this had been during the time that the present squire's mother ruled in Sandal; the Mistress Charlotte whose influence was still felt in the old seat. She had entirely disap-

proved the familiar affection with which Latrigg met her husband, and it is said the disputes which drove one of her sons from his home were caused by her determination to break up the companionship existing between the young people of the two houses at that time.

The squire remembered it. He had also, in some degree, regarded his mother's prejudices while she lived; but, after her death, Sophia and Charlotte, as well as their brother, began to go very often to Up-Hill Farm. Naturally Stephen, who was Ducie's son, became the companion of Harry Sandal; and the girls grew up in his sight like two beautiful sisters. It was only within the past year that he had begun to understand that one was dearer to him than the other; but though none of the three was now ignorant of the fact, it was as yet tacitly ignored. The knowledge had not been pleasant to Sophia; and to Charlotte and Stephen it was such a delicious uncertainty, that they hardly desired to make it sure; and they imagined their secret was all their own, and were so happy in it, that they feared to look too curiously into their happiness.

Something was said at the table of other shearings to which Stephen must go if he would assure his claim to be "top-shearer," and of the wool-factories which the most astute statesmen were beginning to build. "If I were a younger man, I'd be in with them," said Latrigg. "I'd spin and weave my own fleeces, and send them to Leeds market, with no go-between to share my profits." And Steve put in a sensible word now and then, and passed the berry-cake and honey and cream; and withal met Charlotte's eyes, and caught her smiles, and was as happy as love and hope could make him.

After tea the squire wished to go; but Latrigg said, "Smoke one pipe with me, Sandal," and they went into the porch together. Then Steve and Charlotte sauntered about the garden, or, leaning on the stone wall, looked down into the valley, or away off to the hills. Many things they said to each other which seemed to mean so little, but which meant so much when love was the interpreter.

After a while the squire lifted his eyes, and took in the bit of landscape which included them. The droop of the young heads towards each other, and their air of happy confidence, awakened a vague suspicion in his heart. Perhaps Latrigg was conscious of it; for he said, as if in answer to the squire's thought, "Steve will have all that is mine. It's a deal easier to die, Sandal, when you have a fine lad like Steve to leave the old place to."

"Steve is in the female line. That's a deal different to having sons. Lasses are cold comfort for sons. Eh? What?"

"To be sure; but I've given Steve my name. Anyone not called Latrigg at Up-Hill would seem like a stranger."

"I know how you feel about that. A squire in Seat-Sandal out of the old name would have a very middling kind of time, I think. He'd have a sight of ill-will at his back."

"Thou means with *them!*"

The squire nodded gravely; and after a minute's silence said, "It stands to reason *they* take an interest. I do in them. When I think of this or that Sandal, or when I look up at their faces as I sit smoking beside them, I'm sure I feel like their son; and I wouldn't grieve them any more than if they were to be seen and talked to. It's none likely, then, that *they* forget. I know they don't."

"I'm quite of thy way of thinking, Sandal; but Steve will be called Latrigg. He has never known any other name, thou sees."

"To be sure. Is Ducie willing?"

"Poor lass! She never names Steve's father. He'd no business in her life, and he very soon went out of it. Stray souls will get into families they have no business in, sometimes. They make a deal of unhappiness when they do."

Sandal sat listening with a sympathetic face. He hoped Latrigg was going to tell him something definite about his daughter's trouble; but the old man puffed, puffed, in silence a few minutes, and then turned the conversation. However, Sandal had been touched on a point where he was exceedingly sensitive; and he rose with a sigh, and said, "Well, well, Latrigg, good-by. I'll go down the fell now. Come, Charlotte."

Unconsciously he spoke with an authority not usual to him, and the parting was a little silent and hurried. Only Latrigg walked to the gate with them. He looked after Sandal and his daughter with a grave, but not unhappy wistfulness; and turned towards the house, saying softly:

"It is like to be my last shearing. Very soon this life will *have been,* but through Christ's mercy I have the overhand of the future."

It was almost as hard to go down the fell as to come up it, for the road was very steep and stony. The squire took it leisurely, often standing still to look around him. The day had been very warm; and limpid vapours hung over the mountains, giving them an appearance of inconceivable grandeur. He made Charlotte notice them. "Maybe, many a year after this, you'll see the hills look just that way, dearie; then think on this evening and on me."

She did not speak, but she looked into his face, and clasped his hand tightly. She was troubled with her own mood. Try as she would, it was impossible to prevent herself drifting into most unusual silences.

Before they reached home, the squire had also become silent. He came into the hall with the face of one dissatisfied and unhappy. The feeling spread through the house, as a drop of ink spreads itself through a glass of water. It almost suited Sophia's mood, and Mrs. Sandal was not inclined to discuss it until the squire was alone with her. Then she asked the question of all questions the most irritating, "What is the matter with you, squire?"

"What is the matter, indeed? Love-making. That is the matter, Alice."

"Charlotte?"

"Yes."

"And Stephen Latrigg?"

"Yes."

"I thought as much. Opportunity is a dangerous thing."

"My word! To hear you talk, one would think it was matterless how our girls married."

"It is never matterless how any girl marries, squire; and our Charlotte"—

"Oh, I thought Charlotte was a child yet! How could I tell there was danger at Up-Hill? You ought to have looked better after your daughters. See that she doesn't go nearhand Latrigg's again."

"I wouldn't be so foolish, William. It's a deal better not to notice. Make no words about it; and, if you don't like Stephen, send Charlotte away a bit. Half of young people's love-affairs is just because they are handy to each other."

"'Like Stephen!' It more than a matter of liking, as you know very well. If Harry Sandal goes on as he has been going, there will be little enough left for the girls; and they must marry where money will not be wanted. More than that, I've been thinking of brother Tom's boy for one of them. Eh? What?"

"You mean, you have been writing to Tom about a marriage? I would have been above a thing like that, William. I suppose you did it to please your mother. She always did hanker after Tom, and she always did dislike the Latriggs. I have heard that when people were in the grave they 'ceased from troubling,' but"—

"Alice!"

"I meant no harm, squire, I'm sure; and I would not say wrong of the dead for anything, specially of your mother; but I think about my own girls."

"There, now, Alice, don't whimper and cry. I am not going to harm your girls, not I. Only mother was promised that Tom's son should have the first chance for their favour. I'm sure there's nothing amiss in that. Eh?"

"A young man born in a foreign country among blacks, or very near blacks. And nobody knows who his mother was."

"Oh, yes! his mother was a judge's daughter, and she had a deal of money. Her son has been well done to; sent to the very best German and French schools, and now he is at Oxford. I dare say he is a very good young man, and at any rate he is the only Sandal of this generation except our own boy."

"Your sisters have sons."

"Yes, Mary has three: they are *Lockerbys*. Elizabeth has two: they are *Piersons*. My poor brother Launcie was drowned, and never had son or daughter; so that Tom's Julius is the nearest blood we have."

"Julius! I never heard tell of such a name."

"Yes, it is a silly kind of a foreign name. His mother is called

Julia: I suppose that is how it comes. No Sandal was ever called such a name before, but the young man mustn't be blamed for his godfather's foolishness, Alice. Eh?"

"I'm not so unjust. Poor Launcie! I saw him once in Kendal. Are you sure he was drowned?"

"I followed him to Whitehaven, and found out that he had gone away in a ship that never came home. Mother and Launcie were in bad bread when he left, and she never fretted for him as she did for Tom."

"Why did you not tell me all this before?"

"I said to myself, there's time enough yet to be planning husbands for girls that haven't a thought of the kind. We were very happy with them; I couldn't bear to break things up; and I never once feared about Steve Latrigg, not I."

"What does your brother and his wife say?"

"Tom is with me. As for his wife, I know nothing of her, and she knows nothing of us. She has been in England a good many times, but she never said she would like to come and see us, and my mother never wanted to see her; so there wasn't a compliment wasted, you see. Eh? What?"

"No, I don't see, William. All about it is in a muddle, and I must say I never heard tell of such ways. It is like offering your own flesh and blood for sale. And to people who want nothing to do with us. I'm astonished at you, squire."

"Don't go on so, Alice. Tom and I never had any falling out. He just got out of the way of writing. He likes India, and he had his own reasons for not liking England in any shape you could offer England to him. There's no back reckonings between Tom and me, and he'll be glad for Julius to come to his own people. We will ask Julius to Sandal; and you say, yourself, that the half of young folks' loving is in being handy to each other. Eh? What?"

"I never thought you would bring my words up that way. But I'll tell you one thing, my girls are not made of melted wax, William."

Sandal smiled a little, and walked away, with what his wife privately called "a peacocky air," saying something about "Greek meeting Greek" as he did so. Mrs. Sandal did not in the least understand him: she wondered a little over the remark, and then dismissed it as "some of the squire's foolishness."

How many times, since o'er Judea's plains
The angels' anthem sounded full and clear,
The voice of song and music's sweetest strains
Have told the story to our hearts so dear.

Yet may not one more voice, though weak and small,
Join in the chorus grand sent up to heaven;
Telling again the glad good news for all,
How God into the world His Son hath given.

—*Amy Parkinson.*

Current Topics and Events.

Shall We Insure Our Own Churches?

As reported at the last General Conference, the value of our church and parsonage property was about $11,000,000, an increase of $1,800,000 in the quadrennium. It is now probably not less than $12,000,000 or $13,000,000 worth. This property was insured in 1890 for $4,425,000, a little over one-third its value. That means, we suppose, that a good deal of it was fairly well insured, perhaps one-half or two-thirds its value, while a good deal was not insured at all. It is highly desirable that the whole of this property should have a reasonable amount of insurance, certainly not less than one-half its value, better fully two-thirds. This would make the very large amount of about $8,000,000 insurance. Scarcely any of this is insured, we think, for less than one-quarter of one per cent. per annum, which on $8,000,000 would amount to $20,000 a year.

The question arises whether the Methodist Church might not with advantage insure its own church and parsonage property with the benefit of securing a larger amount and better distribution of insurance over the various properties and at a lower rate than the stock companies of the country offer. The question of church insurance occupied the attention of the late Methodist Episcopal General Conference at Omaha. The bishops were instructed to make arrangements for the organization of a company for the insurance of church property. The question is fully discussed in a late issue of the *Western Christian Advocate*, from which we make the following extracts:

"The question arises, Is such an organization both desirable and feasible! Can reliable insurance be thus secured at lower rates than at present? Let us consider some of the points involved.

"The moral risk in insurance is an important element. This is eliminated in church insurance, for churches do not insure with the purpose of burning their buildings and getting the insurance therefor. A Church Insurance Company would find its risks so isolated and widely scattered that no great fire or sweeping calamity could materially affect its solvency.

"The cost of running such a company, as compared with the ordinary fire companies (from thirty-five to fifty per cent., for local agencies, advertising, etc.), is very inconsiderable, not more than from five to ten per cent. Such a company would not need local agents or canvassers or advertising; it would do business directly with the local Board of Trustees.

"Is the plan feasible? We have practical examples before us. The Wesleyan Methodist Trust Assurance Company of Manchester, England, has been in existence since 1873. The secretary, in his 1890 report, covering a period of eighteen years, says that the total income from premiums and interest amounts to £76,216, while the losses for the same period were only £16,627, or a little less than twenty-two per cent. It acquired a total reserve of £38,250, besides granting to the worn-out Ministers' Fund, £3,100. This is truly a magnificent showing. Can we not come within gunshot of our British brethren in a business matter of this kind?

"If our Wesleyan brethren can make such a showing in their 'pent-up Utica,' surrounded with sharp competition and at low rates of interest, we certainly ought to do at least as well. Their success ought to inspire our undertaking.

"Our German Methodist brethren have a Mutual Insurance Company for insuring their church and parsonage property. The secretary recently reported the cost of insuring on the mutual plan *for nine years at only* $1.65 *on* $100 of insurance.

"The objection raised about 'the Church going into secular business,' and 'if it insures its own church property its enemies will burn it,' etc., scarcely needs a passing notice. Is it secular to insure a church, and not secular to build one and run one? Does not the State protect our property as well as our lives?

"As to the kind of company, we prefer the mutual to the stock company

plan, for the reason that then the cost of insurance will be kept at the minimum. Should the stock plan be adopted, the absorbing desire of making money—no matter how carefully the earnings might be devoted to benevolent ends—would be apt to kindle the fires of commercial ambition, which are always a menace to the spirituality of the Church."

The experiment of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States will be watched with much interest and if it be as successful as its promoters anticipate, it will doubtless be a strong argument for the inauguration of a similar kind of church insurance in this country.

The Function of Criticism.

A great change has taken place in the methods of criticism, especially of literary criticism of young authors and fledgling poets. Fifty years ago the Critics (spelled with a big "C," if you please), were frightful ogres who delighted to make a meal of a young poet, and seemed to delight in crunching his bones. To quote the words of Dr. Vandyke, "Their mighty Highnesses, the Reviewers, seated on their lofty thrones, weighed the pretentions of all new-comers into their realm with adamantine severity. In those days of Herod the King, it was either accolade or decapitation. Many an innocent had the terrible Gifford slaughtered, and many more like, Willson, Croker and Lochart, well understood the art of speedy dispatch."

It was the cruel austerity of these savage critics that broke the heart of Keats, one of the sweetest singers who ever warbled the English tongue, and sent him to die at Rome. Few things are more pitiful than the words engraven on his tomb, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." It was the carping and mousing fault-finding of such men that did much to force Byron and Shelley into their revolt against the conventions of morals and religion, adding bitterness to the misanthropy of the writer of the "British Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

These bull-dog critics did their best to worry the life out of timid hares like Kirke White, and if Alfred Tennyson had been made of softer material they would have silenced him. As it was, for ten long years after the publication of his first book he remained mute. At length he burst upon England with the majestic blank verse of "Morte d'Arthur," with the passion of "Locksley Hall," with the sweet beauty of "Dora," "The Gardener's Daughter," the depth and intensity of "The Two Voices," and "The Vision of Sin"—and the critics were at his feet.

An amusing book could be written upon the mistakes of the critics. We doubt not Homer was carped on in his day. Dante was driven into exile; the Bard of Avon was decried and defamed. Milton's immortal poem sold for £15. Of Wordsworth's noble verse, the sage Gifford remarked, "This will never do." Crusty Christopher North denounced Tennyson's first dainty lyrics as "dismal drivel," and winding up his remarks on the song entitled "The Owl," he said, "Alfred himself is the greatest owl. All he wants is to be shot, stuffed and stuck in a glass case to be immortal in a museum."

To quote again from Mr. Vandyke, "The critics of a great poet are often like a man coming upon what appears to be a dead lion in the forest. He may prove to be not dead, but only sleeping. Many an unwary critic has thus been unexpectedly surprised, notably Drs. Johnson and Bentley, who, roaring over Milton's mistakes, have proved themselves to be distinctly assinine."

It is sometimes thought that all that is necessary for the rôle of critic is to be able to find fault; indeed, the very word "critic" has, in popular phrase, come to mean "fault-finding." On the contrary, the word—from *krites*, a judge or discerner—means a person skilled in discovering the beauties as well as the faults of writing. Any fool can find fault, but it really requires skill to discover hidden merits. In young writers the faults lie on the very surface, that any daw may peck at, while the merits are often partially concealed.

Few men did more to supersede the old and cynical criticism with the

new and more genial type than the Rev. George Gilfillan, a Scotch country parson, yet a man of broad insight and keen, poetic appreciation. He had the good luck, or good judgment, to discover and introduce to the world of letters a number of young writers who have since become famous in their way—Alexander Smith, Sydney Dobell, Philip James Bailey, Arthur Clough, and others of the minor poets.

In this democratic age the people are the true critics, and they pass their verdicts with serene indifference as to the judgment of the great gods of Olympus. A young writer, if he have merit, will find his way into the magazines and literary organs in the country. *If he have merit*, he wins name and fame and fortune, too, and can snap his fingers at the critic, before whom the poor poets of Grub Street used to tremble.

Sympathy Essential to Intelligent Criticism.

Referring to these captious critics, the *Methodist Recorder* says:

"Their view is so partial, their spirit so carping, their language so cavilling, that things of considerable and indisputable excellence fail to secure their commendation. They seem quite incapable of sympathy and praise; they find spots in the sun, and reprobate most other things as spots only. Literature is dealt with in this morbid mood. Mr. Kipling tells us that the monkey has a passion for picking things to pieces. A flower or a fragile toy will amuse a monkey for a long time. The bird that falls into its hands will not be released till the monkey has plucked off every feather. Many critics of literature, with their endless exceptions and strictures, remind us of the long-tailed analyzer dissecting sweet flower, or lovely bird! They 'cut up' what, in fact, they are ludicrously incapable of appreciating and enjoying.

"Multitudes of art critics must be placed in the same category. A picture is often admirable in spite of great defects, it is great and valuable by virtue of positive qualities clear to the discerning eye, but the supercilious discover its faults and deficiencies, dwelling solely upon these with evident gusto. One may carry this temper of displacency into the walks of nature, and so find only reasons for objection and contempt amid all the magnificence of the world. Instead of realizing nature as a paradise of picturesque views, laughing brooks, flowery paths, the superfine find only rain, gnats, dirt, and toil. And many take this ungracious spirit into society, sneering at most things, and often picking holes in gold and purple robes as if they were shoddy. They ostracize and vilify right and left; they resemble the dragon-flies, which chase and pull down every fly, moth, or butterfly they come across, sometimes rending the delicate creatures and eating them, but frequently killing for killing's sake.

"How truly desirable it is that we should chasten our disposition toward fault-finding, and cultivate more warm and catholic sympathies. We feel persuaded that the progress of civilization will discourage hypercriticism, and more and more show that sympathy is in all directions the secret of life. Sympathy gives to our nature largeness and nobleness; springing from what is best in us, in turn it confirms and develops the best. If we desire to secure for our soul the most liberal education, we must beware of coldness, narrowness, bitterness. We must know how to admire; we must know how to wonder; we must know how to praise; and we must be free to discover and appreciate truth, beauty, greatness, goodness, wherever they may be found. How greatly will this enhance the joy of life! Catholic tastes, cordial sympathies, hearty benisons, are signs of a superior soul, and sources of boundless pleasure. Adolescence, ignorance, littleness, coarseness, pride, are grudging in sympathy, wonder, and homage, and so miss the deepest, fullest and most delicate satisfactions of life."

Pagan Poetry.

It is grandly true that the greatest poets of the English language, Milton, Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson, Bryant, Longfellow and

Whittier, are thoroughly Christian in their best and loftiest verse. There is, however, a small school of pessimistic poets who seem to be thoroughly pagan. We have before us the collected poems of one of this class, the late Philip Bourke Marston,* a volume of over 400 pages with nearly 500 poems, which, for all the Christian sentiment they express, might just as well have been written by the Latin poets, Horace or Lucretius. Most of these poems are sonnets, exquisite in literary form and finish, but without a spiritually uplifting or inspiring thought. A profound sadness, a pessimistic tone seems to blight them all, like fair fruit covered with mildew. This doubt finds expression in such utterances as the following:

"If after all there should be heaven and hell."

"Man helps me not, and God, if God there be,
Has turned His face in anger." . . .

"When a man dies and wakes in paradise,
If paradise there be—for what man knows?"

There was more of robust faith in even Horace's "Non omnis moriar," and much more in the groping after God and immortality of Plato and Cicero. No great, soul-stirring poetry can come from an unfaith like that of this pessimistic school. Yet this man was cradled amid Christian influences. Philip James Bailey was his godfather, and Dinah Maria Mulock, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," his godmother, pledged to train him in Christian nurture and piety. His biographer, Louise Chandler Moulton, says, "He is one whom throughout all his life fate seemed to mock." One after another of his nearest and dearest kinsfolk and best beloved were stricken from his side, and he in sorrow, and solitude, and blindness, and ill-health, was left to mourn out his short life. This may perhaps explain, but not excuse the ineffable sadness and despondency of his verse. There is no excuse for the pagan tone of his biography, and of the tributes of his friends, Swinburne, Rosetti, and Morris, in which no light from the life beyond streams upon his tomb. His verse will never stir the heart of the world. Something more robust, more courageous, more hopeful, is needed for that. Browning's line, "God's in His heaven, all's well with the world," Toplady's

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee,"

Wesley's

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

Even the "bairn's hymn,"

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"

as a moral inspiration, are worth more than the whole volume of this wailing verse.

* *Collected Poems of Philip Bourke Marston.* By Louise Chandler Moulton. London: Ward, Locke, Bowden & Co. With portrait. $2.65.

Our Premiums.

The Olive wood premiums offered with the Magazine are the same sort as those purchased by Dr. Talmage, and are forwarded by the same dealer. We often receive inquiries like the following, which we clip from Dr. Talmage's paper, and the answer given will apply equally well to ours, with this difference, that we charge only ten cents to subscribers, whereas Dr. Talmage charges twenty-five cents. This premium for the Magazine has attracted a great deal of interest and a large demand. We ordered a large quantity from Jerusalem, which is due here in January. But there are limits even to these, and persons desiring the premium should remit their subscription to the Magazine, together with ten cents extra to pay for postage and other expenses in connection with mailing, as promptly as possible.

"Cora Little, Williamsport, Pa., asks 'Was the olive wood which you sent to subscribers last year, really brought from Palestine, and have you any of the slabs left? How can I get one of them?'"

ANSWER.

"These beautiful olive slabs were brought from Palestine. They were the sections of limbs that had been trimmed from the trees on Olivet, and were carefully selected, cut and polished by skilful workmen in Jerusalem, and sent to this country from the port of Joppa, *via* England, and regularly entered at the Custom House in New York. We still have a few pieces left, and will send one to any subscriber desiring it on receipt of twenty-five cents to cover duties, packing and postage."

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

It is proposed to utilize the Allan Library by supplying probationers for the ministry all the books which they may require for examination purposes on easy terms. This will be a great boon, especially to those labouring on poor circuits.

Rev. Thomas Champness has also undertaken to form a Ministers' Circulating Library, and will even pay the cost of sending the books to and fro. He has contrived the scheme in the interests of his brethren who are not able to provide out of their small allowances such books as they would like to secure. Mr. Champness publishes a long list of the books which he proposes thus to circulate.

The Rev. Dr. J. B. Stephenson, ex-President, has been invited to become pastor of the Metropolitan Church, Washington, but has declined. He is to be married to one of the deaconesses of the "Children's Home."

The Wesley Centenary Fund has been closed. There were expended in restoring City Road Chapel—now called Wesley's Chapel—$80,000, leaving a deficit of $20,000.

An old gentleman in Wales, in his ninety-third year, still occupies the pulpit of a Wesleyan church on the north coast.

Three Methodists were lost on the Indian steamer *Roumania*, which was wrecked off the coast of Portugal. They were the wife and child of the Rev. Wm. Burgess, going to join the husband and father in India, and Mr. Malkin, on his way to join the Mission Band. Mrs. Burgess was the daughter of the Rev. John Hay, and was a lady of distinguished gifts, and understood Telugu, Tamil, and Hindustani. She was the means of building several places of worship in Hyderabad. The calamity excited universal sympathy on behalf of the bereaved families.

A mission is established in connection with Wesley's Chapel, City Road, London, in which six young men are being trained under the Rev. Allan Rees. They are taught theology in the forenoon, and during the rest of the day, and the whole of Sabbath, engage in mission work. Five hundred families are regularly visited every week.

There is also a vigorous band of forty members which meets every Sunday afternoon for tea, and after prayer together go into the streets, and by earnest invitation seek to induce people to attend the evening service. A brass band is pressed into the service, and gives valuable help in the open air meetings.

The Rev. D. T. Young, of York, was recently offered the pastorate of a church in London, with a salary of $4,000, but he nobly resolved to abide with his own people.

As the Salvation Army make much of their Self-Denial Week, some English Wesleyans want to observe a similar week, as they believe that $200,000 or even $250,000 might thus be raised.

Rev. J. Haigh, missionary in Mysore, has secured a house which he proposes to fill with sisters or deaconesses, who, after they have learned the language, will go forth two and two as evangelists, pastors, and teachers of the women and girls of the Mysore.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Dr. Hartzell states that the Church is established in every county of the United States except 585, nearly all of which are in the South. There

are 150 schools in the nation, and forty-five are in the South. In the schools there are 548 teachers and 9,065 students. Of the students, 277 are studying for the ministry. It is estimated that 500 negro children are born every twenty-four hours. In seventy-five years there will probably be 50,000,000 of them. There are 7,000 churches, 500,000 members, forty-five schools with 9,065 students.

Chancellor Sims says, respecting Syracuse University, that the endowment and property amount to $1,780,000. There are fifty-one male and female teachers, about 700 students, besides post-graduates, and every department is prosperous. At a recent students' meeting, 150 gave their testimony for Christ. There is needed 150 or 200 scholarships.

The Chinese Government has been so favourably impressed with the educational work the Methodist missions are doing in Pekin, that it has promised to give positions upon the railways or in telegraph offices to all graduates at a fair salary, and the privilege of keeping the Sabbath. All graduates from the medical department will receive appointments in the army or navy. To give an earnest of what will be done, a physician from the United States was requested for the customs service of Chung King, the very city from which the missionaries were expelled in 1886, and besides granting a handsome salary, it was agreed that he should spend all his spare time in medical missionary work.

Medical work is being carried on in Seoul, Korea, with vigour. Last year there were in the hospital 5,000 patients, while 1,500 were at the Woman's Hospital, and 500 at the two dispensaries, being a total of 7,000. In six years 20,000 have been treated. The average time a patient spends in the hospital is fifteen days. One of the hospital converts, during six weeks, read the Chinese New Testament through four times, and the Old Testament twice. On his return home, he instructed his family and neighbours in the Bible.

The Pai Chai Hak Tang, or Hall for Training Useful Men, is the quaint title of the Methodist school in Seoul. Both the English and Chinese languages are taught, the Chinese New Testament being one of the text books. Last year there were fifty-three students enrolled, all of whom either paid their way or earned it by writing in the Mission Press.

Bishop Warren says of certain materialistic investigators who deny God's presence and agency in the universe: "They have abolished life, and brought death and imbecility to life through their science falsely so-called."

The lectures recently delivered by Bishop Warren on the English Bible are to be published in book form, with the title, "The One Book."

Bishop Thoburn is a true missionary bishop. One of his last acts before returning to India was to take part in the consecration meeting at the Deaconess' Home, New York, when five of the graduates were set apart to deaconess work. He took with him to India a number of these consecrated women. He further stated that on his arrival he would meet 30,000 converts who were recently worshipping idols, and would thoroughly organize them for missionary work among their brethren. Within the next three months he hoped to appoint 200 native preachers, and expected soon to report the conversion of 30,000 heathen to Christianity.

A gentleman, not a Methodist, offered to be responsible for the support of ten pastor-teachers at $30 per month, if support could be guaranteed for one hundred more. Or, if only ten pledges for support are given, he will give $30 additional.

Colonel Bennett, of Philadelphia, has given $25,000 to the Methodist Orphan Asylum in that city. He also gave the asylum $5,000 last year.

The Woman's Missionary Society also appropriated $300,000 to the work under their care; 13,000 girls are receiving Christian instruction; thirteen medical missionaries are employed, and 35,000 women were helped last year who would have been neglected.

The General Missionary Committee, at its late annual meeting, found such an advance of income that they made appropriations amounting to $1,314,050, being an advance of $75,748.

A Methodist Deaconess Home is to be erected at Wubu, in Central China. It is provided by a wealthy lady in Illinois.

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

The collections for the Board of Missions last year showed a great increase. Foreign, domestic, and Woman's Board, the aggregate is $525,000. Debt reduced $39,000. Six years ago the Board had in the foreign field twenty-two missionaries and their wives, and now it has a total force of ninety-nine.

The increase in Japan has been especially encouraging. The mission was opened six years ago, and now there is a membership of 805, a Conference of twelve missionaries and five native teachers, five church buildings, valued at $5,200; two fine institutions of learning, valued at $40,000, besides numerous day schools, and thirty-eight Sabbath-schools, with 1,535 scholars and seventy-one teachers.

The Church now has forty-two annual Conferences, three missions abroad, 1,200,376 members, and 15,617 organizations. The church property is valued at $18,775,362. The net increase in membership last year was 48,201.

Primitive Methodist.

During the last fifteen years twenty new churches have been built in East London. Such a record is an answer to those who say the Salvation Army is doing the work of the Primitive Methodists.

Several of the ministers of this Church took part in the Free Church Congress recently held at Manchester. Rev. J. Travis, President of Conference, presided at one session, and raised great applause by saying that he hoped one practical outcome of the Congress would be the prevention of the foolish waste of energy which resulted from the overlapping of Free churches in sparsely populated districts.

The basis of agreement for union between the Methodist churches in Australia has been published. The election, training, or trial of ministers is to be dealt with by courts consisting of ministers alone. No layman is to have a voice in these matters. There is to be a Legislative Conference once in three years.

The Methodist Church.

Rev. Dr. A. Sutherland laboured most of the month of November in Nova Scotia in the interests of the Missionary Society. In one of his speeches he stated that since the establishment of Methodist missions in Quebec, probably 65,000 converts had left the Province on account of persecution, for as soon as they embraced the Protestant faith, they were boycotted by their former co-religionists—even by their own kindred and friends. "We talk about religious freedom; but," said the Doctor, "there is more religious toleration in Japan and China than there is in Quebec to-day."

Rev. W. S. Griffin, D.D., one of the oldest ministers in the active work, has been appointed clerical treasurer of the Superannuation and General Conference Funds; and Rev. W. Briggs, D.D., and Mr. R. Brown have been appointed members of the Superannuation Board.

The next General Conference is to be held at London, September, 1894.

Mr. H. A. Massey has added to his many other generous donations one of $20,000 to the Wesleyan College, Winnipeg.

We are always glad to record the doings of our Methodist women, whose noble efforts have accomplished so much in the missionary enterprise. Recently a convention was held in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, under the auspices of the Woman's Missionary Society, the object of which was to increase the interest in the work of the Society. A number of excellent papers were read, and great interest was felt. Miss Whitefield, who has been five

years one of Bishop Taylor's missionaries in Africa, was present, and gave an interesting account of her labours in Liberia, where there are twenty-six stations, five of which are manned by coloured people.

Recent Deaths.

Bishop W. H. Miles, who died November 14th, was the senior Bishop of the coloured Methodist Episcopal Church in America. Bishop Miles was the organizer of his church, and had been in the Episcopacy twenty-two years. He was a man of great heroism, and died in the fortieth year of his ministry.

Rev. J. Jackson Wray was a well-known minister in England, first as a Wesleyan and latterly as a Congregationalist. For some years he was a missionary in Sierra Leone, where he suffered much family affliction. While in London, he became pastor of Whitefield's Old Tabernacle. Of necessity the sanctuary had to be rebuilt, which required $100,000. With a view to raise this amount, he travelled extensively and laboured hard. Under this arduous task his health gave way, and finally the Master called him home in November last. Mr. Wray was also an author of more than twenty works, some of which had an extensive sale. He left several others ready for the press, which shows that he must have been a man of plodding industry.

Rev. Michael Clarke. This beloved minister was an esteemed friend of the present writer. We laboured together on circuit work in England, until both were called to the colonies. For nearly fifty years he laboured in England and Australia. As a minister, he possessed talents far above the average. His kind disposition, strong common sense, and manly conduct helped him greatly amid many perplexities. He often testified to the power of saving grace, which enabled him to triumph in Jordan's flood. Adieu, beloved brother. We hope to meet you in the glory land.

Rev. D. Tuton was fifty-five years in the Primitive Methodist ministry, thirteen of which he was on the superannuated list. Some of his circuits were the scenes of extensive revivals. He turned many to righteousness, and was never so happy as when he witnessed the conversion of sinners.

Mr. Joshua Dawson was one of the most successful lay evangelists in the north of England. He was a native of Weardale, where "the people called Methodists" are numbered by thousands. Mr. Dawson was a poor boy, and was known as the "washer lad," who became a lead miner, and finally was at the head of a flourishing business. For several years he devoted much time to evangelistic work. There are few towns or villages in the north of England in which he was not known and honoured. He was a true Methodist, and died in the harness. One of his daughters was a missionary in China, and the other the wife of Evangelist Cook.

As this magazine goes to press, we hear of the death of the Rev. Robert Hewitt, a venerable minister of the Irish Methodist Conference. He had reached the good old age of eighty-five years. He died at Brighton, Ontario, after a few days' illness. He was a man of sweet and saintly spirit, a very Nathanael, "an Israelite indeed in whom was no guile." He was greatly beloved by all who knew him.

We regret to learn on the eve of going to press the death of the Rev. George Boyd, pastor of the Queen's Avenue Church, London. His last illness endured for a month and was very painful. Unable to speak, while friends sang a hymn round his bed, the dying man was only able to beat time with his hand. Brother Boyd was born in Sterlingshire, Scotland. In 1872 he went to Newfoundland and laboured in that rugged field for eighteen years, oocupying its most important positions. Two years ago he came to London, and laboured with great acceptance, devotion and success.

Book Notices.

The Land and the Book; or, Biblical Illustrations, drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and the Scenery, of the Holy Land. By WILLIAM M. THOMSON, D.D., forty-five years a Missionary in Syria and Palestine. 3 vols. 8vo, illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $9.00 the set.

No name was more frequently mentioned, or with higher commendation by dragoman or guide during our tour in Palestine, than that of Rev. Dr. William Thomson. He knew the country from Beersheba to Baalbec better than any other man, and during his five and forty years of missionary life in the east, he had traversed almost every part of the country over and over again, and made an almost lifelong study of its antiquities and customs as illustrating Holy Writ.

It has been well said that the best commentary on the Bible is the Land of the Bible. Hence Renan calls Palestine a fifth Gospel. A thousand side-lights are thrown upon the sacred page by the immemorial and unchanging customs of the Holy Land. This land possesses a perennial interest to every Christian mind.

Of the many books on Palestine, none have met with such marked success and deserved popularity as Dr. Thomson's "The Land and the Book." Since the first appearance, over thirty years ago, it has run through many editions and has had an immense sale. But no previous editions will compare with its magnificent re-issue—in three stately octavos, sumptuously illustrated—by the Harper Brothers. This is practically a new book, re-written and with all the discoveries and researches of recent travellers and of the British and American Palestine Exploration Societies incorporated. Yet the conversational charm and direct personal interest of the original narrative is maintained, and its copious illustration of the identity of usage of ancient and modern Oriental life.

Dr. Thomson was for many years a missionary at Beirut, and has traversed repeatedly, as have few travellers, the region which he describes. To his keen powers of observation he adds a vividness of description and piquancy of narrative that make his books very charming and instructive reading.

One of the most conspicuous features of the book is the number and variety and excellence of its engravings. These are drawn from photographs of the living object or natural scene, and strike one not so much as a representation as a reality. Of these engravings, many of them full-page, there are no less than 417, with large folding-maps. Much as we may long to visit those sacred scenes, most of us must be content with the descriptions of others. For stay-at-home travellers we know of no book which offers such a satisfactory substitute for a personal visit as Dr. Thomson's "The Land and the Book."

There are few more appropriate or useful presents for a pastor or Sunday-school superintendent or teacher than these noble volumes. They are in every respect the same as the edition sold at $6.00 per vol., except that there is a little less gilding on the binding.

London. By WALTER BESANT, author of "All sorts and Conditions of Men," "Fifty Years Ago," etc., with illustrations. New York: Harper Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo, pp. xvi.–509. Price $3.00.

This is not a history, nor a guide book, nor a story, although it combines the best features of all three. It is a picture of the greatest city in the world during different periods of its growth. It is founded largely

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upon original studies of ancient chronicles, and the best bibliography of London.

By a judicious exercise of the historic imagination, the author makes the dead past live again, and presents a series of kodac pictures, as it were, showing old London, its busy streets, odd buildings and eager citizens at work and at play. It is that quaint, mediæval life, with its strange costumes and customs, which is presented as in a living kaleidoscope. We see the merchant on 'Change, the chapman in Cheapside, the priests and monks and friars in church and abbey and convent, the civic festivals of Guildhall and royal pageants of Westminster, the procession of the Garter King at arms, the mace-bearer, the lord mayor and aldermen, the river with its boats and barges and peopled bridges and crowded shore, the grim tragedy of Newgate and Tyburn and the more dreadful burnings of Smithfield, the preachings at Saint Paul's cross, the fife and tabor, tumblers and dancers of Vauxhall, the many-coloured life through many centuries of the greatest city the world has ever seen.

It is a fine subject, and Mr. Besant, who knows his London better perhaps than any man living, has made good use of it. He propounds the striking theory and sustains it with cogent argument, that after the Roman occupation, for four hundred years, London, which had attained a population of probably 70,000 lapsed into solitude and became a waste of crumbling walls and grass-grown ruins. The new civilization of Saxon, Roman, Plantagenet, and Tudor times was an entirely original development.

To a tourist from a new country like Canada, the past of London is more interesting than its present. It is its ancient churches, monuments, and civic buildings that especially engage his attention. To such Mr. Besant's book will be well-nigh indispensable. Even old Londoners, and there are many of them in Canada, who think they know the great city well, will, we doubt not, find much that is of intense and novel interest in this volume. The engravings, of which there are about one hundred and fifty, are of exceeding delicacy, more like copper etching than xylographic work.

Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra. A Tale of the Roman Empire in the Days of the Emperor Aurelian. By William Ware, author of "Rome and the Early Christians." Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 3.00.

This is a new edition of that fine old story which recounts the adventures of the noble Queen Zenobia, who, in the third century, reigned with true imperial sway, in the stately city of Palmyra—the Tadmor built by Solomon in the wilderness—the brave woman who defied a Roman army, and who was finally dragged as a captive at the chariot wheels of the Roman conqueror.

The Rev. William Ware, who has given such vividness to his story of "Rome and the Early Christians," exhibits in this volume the same fine exercise of the historic imagination, and fine skill in the delineation of character. The conflict between Christianity and paganism in the far East is well represented. The book is admirably illustrated, not with fanciful, ideal pictures, but with a score of photogravures of the stupendous architecture of that ruined city in the heart of the desert, including also some to whose fidelity we can bear witness, of the city of Baalbec, the city of the worship of the sun. Probably the world never saw a more stately temple than that at Palmyra, the ruins of which extend for a distance of 1,500 yards, nearly a mile long. The holiday binding is very attractive.

The Oregon Trail. Sketches of Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life. By Francis Parkman, illustrated by Fred. Remington. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo, pp. xiv.–411. Bound in leather, full gilt. Price $4.00.

"The Oregon Trail" was Parkman's first book. Nearly fifty years ago he made his first acquaintance

with the then wild west, with its Indian life, almost untouched by civilization and uncontaminated by the white man's fire-water, vices and diseases. That journey was Parkman's initiation into his life-work. He was to devote the succeeding forty-five years to telling the story of the conflict for a continent. He has rendered to Canada a debt which never can be paid by his great historic works on that prolonged struggle for one hundred and fifty years between the French and English, for the possession of that vast area now chiefly included in our grand Dominion.

We shall take occasion at an early date to present a complete review of these noble works. His publishers deem the completion of that life-task a fitting occasion for bringing out an *edition de luxe* in all the glory of heavy cream-laid paper, sumptuous illustration and unique binding. It need only be said that the illustrations are by Frederick Remington, who has caught the spirit of savage life, character, costume, and incident better than any other living man, to show that the engravings are of the highest order of merit. The peculiar buff leather binding, with its quaint Indian totems and other designs in crude colours, is admirably suited to this memorial volume.

Prue and I. By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. Illustrated from drawings by Albert Edward Sterner. New York: Harper Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $3.50.

This elegant volume is a very beautiful souvenir, by the accomplished editor, for many years, of *Harper's Weekly*, and the genial occupant of the "Easy Chair." It is a veritable *edition de luxe.* The broad margins which leave room for the wandering beyond the limits of the printed page of the very fine and delicately cut engravings, and the photogravures of beautiful aquarelles, combine to make it one of the most elegant books of the season. It is seldom that author and artist so admirably co-ordinate in their work. The delicate fancies of the author remind one of the grace of Charles Lamb and Washington Irving, with a deftness of touch peculiarly his own. The fine vein of humour, and the subtle allegory which run through these sketches, is very charming. The gentle satire with which he laughs at himself in the "Castles in Spain," and the tender pathos of "Family Portraits" and "Our Cousin, the Curate," are worthy of embodiment in this elegant form. It is enough to say that it is one of the most artistic issues of the Franklin Square Press. The gray silk binding is very elegant.

The Genesis and Growth of Religion. The L. P. Stone lectures for 1892, at Princeton Theological Seminary, New Jersey. By REV. S. H. KELLOGG, D.D., of Toronto, Canada, author of "The Light of Asia and the Light of the World," "A Grammar of the Hindi Language and Dialects," etc., etc. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

During his too brief residence in Canada, Dr. Kellogg won the well-deserved reputation of a preacher and thinker of marked ability and originality. We have had the pleasure of reviewing in these pages, his previous book on "The Light of Asia and the Light of the World." The present volume is marked by the same philosophical insight, the same force of expression. In a series of clear and cogent chapters, he discusses the following important topics: "What is Religion?" "Religion and natural descent, fetishism and animism," "Herbert Spencer's ghost theory." Under this head he shows that Mr. Spencer's theory is really a begging of the question, and is inadequate to account for the idea of God as a Cause and as a Moral Governor.

Our author then develops his theory of the true Genesis of religion, the subjective factor being the very constitution of man's nature, the objective factor the revelation of God. Two valuable

chapters treat of the development of religion, which is not inconsistent with supernaturalism and the historic facts regarding the order of religious development. He concludes with a chapter on "Shemitic Monotheism," showing the superior conceptions of the divine in the Shemitic, and especially the Hebrew writers.

The book is very handsomely printed, and will be a pleasing souvenir of the pastor of St. James' Square Church, who, in the providence of God, is recalled to his important work in India, that of translating the oracles of God into the tongues of the native races.

The People's Bible. Discourses upon Holy Scripture. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., London. Vol. xvii., Old Testament, Hosea-Malachi. Octavo, 456 pp., cloth, $1.50. New York and 11 Richmond street west, Toronto : Funk & Wagnalls Company.

With this book Dr. Parker completes the larger section of his great work. It comprises that very interesting division of the Old Testament, the twelve minor prophets. Two more books of the New Testament only are wanting to complete the series, making in all twenty-five volumes of "Parker's People's Bible." To few men has it ever been granted to prepare so comprehensive a commentary on the whole Word of God. Dr. Parker says, "I have only been an instrument in the hands of God." He has preached regularly through the Bible, and his experience is that congregations are not averse to systematic and expository preaching. He counsels his juniors in the ministry to adopt the same method, and to covet to become biblical expositors.

Speaking of the higher criticism, he says that biblical exposition is no longer an affair of technical grammar alone. "I am confident that mere literalists who confine themselves to pedantic parsing, and who lock up the prophets in centuries as within cells, can never represent the whole idea of divine inspiration. Let us always look for the hidden meanings. Let us rejoice that the inspired word contains emphatically more meaning than human writers ever dreamed."

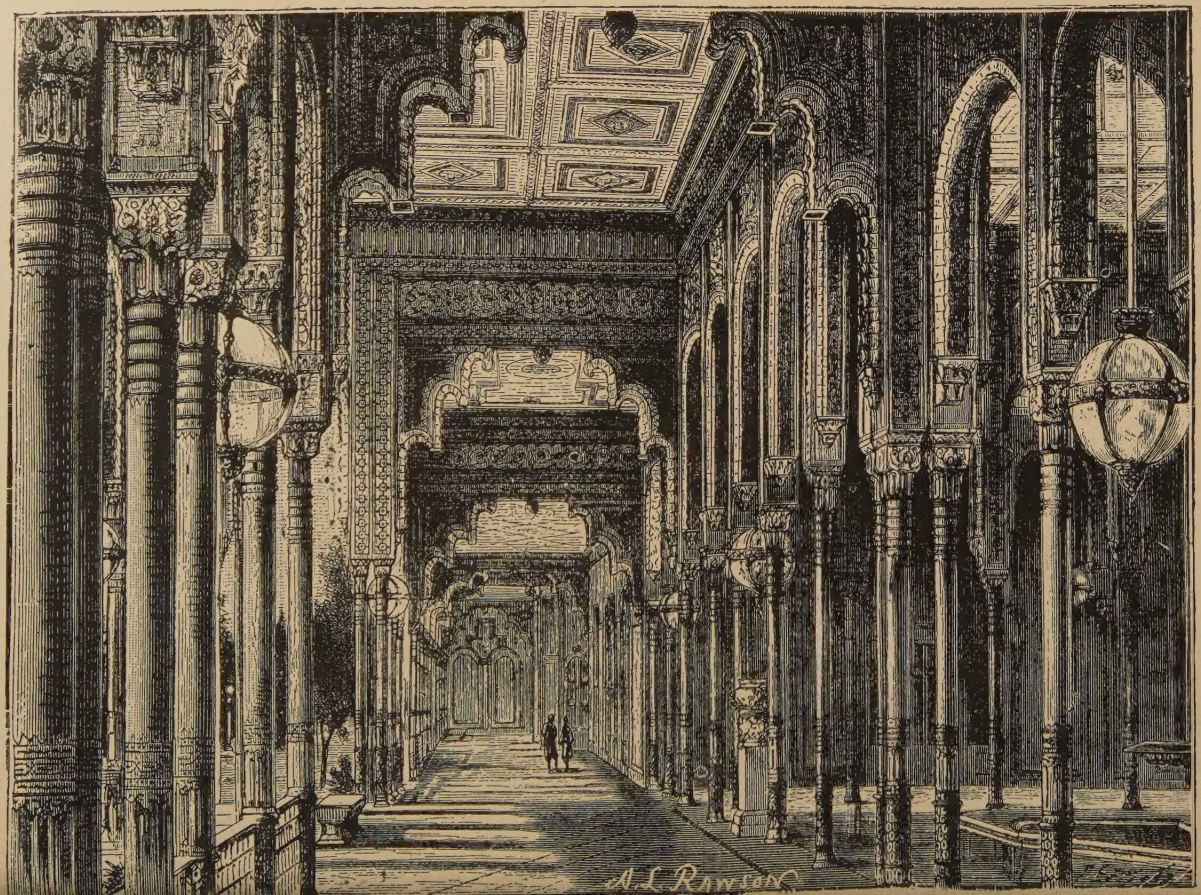
This series of books will be a monument, not merely of the learning and industry, but of the spiritual insight and discernment of a great and good man. It is not merely a book for students and theologians, it is emphatically "The People's Bible."

English Compound Words and Phrases. A Reference List, with Statement of Principles and Rules. By F. HORACE TEALL, author of "The Compounding of English Words," and Department Editor of Funk & Wagnall's Standard Dictionary. Cloth, 8vo, 311 pp. $2.50. New York, London, and 11 Richmond street west, Toronto : Funk & Wagnalls Company.

This book will prove a valuable aid to writers, printers, teachers, and in fact to all sorts of people, including business men, correspondents, and others who wish to write clearly and correctly in the English language. The book is unique, treating a phase of language that is a continual source of annoyance, and giving in shape for instant use the decisions of the author as to form, together with guiding rules based upon a close, careful, and scientific study of the subject.

Mr. Teall is the first scholar, so far as we know, who has made a detailed comparative and inductive study of the compound forms found in our literature, and who has formulated the principles therein exemplified. His work shows extreme care throughout, and provides a ready answer, from his practical point of view, for any question as to compounding or non-compounding of words.

The mere recording, in a handy collection, of forty thousand set terms, as given in this book, is of great advantage, whether or not one accepts all the compounds given.


A. L. Rawson